

# THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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## IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

An Interesting and Largely Attended Meeting at Unity Hall on the Evening of Jan. 17.

Debate on the President's Message—Intense Interest Displayed—Eloquent Addresses Delivered.

A crowded house, a grand musical programme, and a most lively and interesting debate were the pleasant features of the Lyceum at Unity Hall on Friday evening of last week. The spacious hall was filled with a respectable and good-natured audience, whose interest in the "Venezuelan Question" made those who came late forget the inconveniences caused when seating room is at a premium. The selection of Unity Hall seems to have been one of the wisest steps taken by the committee of arrangements, and judging by the wonderful increase in attendance, it is certain that a larger hall will soon be necessary. With a continuance of the present favorable outlook, and with the support of the many very influential men who are coming to the post of duty with a right good will, there is more than a possibility of the Lyceum developing into the most useful and powerful literary society of its kind.

At the appointed time the meeting was called to order by the president, Mr. William Dillon. The musical programme was opened by a violin solo, given by Mr. John R. Dubbs, which was accorded considerable applause and which indicated that Mr. Dubbs possesses much merit as a violinist. Mr. William Kehoe followed with a vocal solo entitled "Only Me," which was loudly applauded and encored. A recitation, "His Last Court," was next given by Mr. John J. Allen, accompanied on the violin by Mr. Kehoe. Mr. Allen's efforts were thoroughly appreciated, and needless to say he was obliged to respond to an encore.

During the interval of recess that divided the musical portion of the programme from the "Debate," one could well judge of the great interest centered in the Monroe Doctrine as expounded by President Cleveland, by the anxiety displayed by those present for the debate to open. The question set for debate: "Whether or Not the Late Message of the President was a Full and Proper Interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine?" was opened by Mr. Patrick F. Holden, who took the affirmative side. In an able and forcible address he reviewed the Monroe doctrine from its original issuance by President Monroe to its present application by President Cleveland, and endeavored to show that this application was a full and proper interpretation of it. He also quoted statistics showing the importance of Venezuela as a country, and showing the claims of the United States over those of Great Britain in the matter of acquiring it.

Mr. S. J. Forhan next followed with a very strong series of proofs and arguments upholding the negative side; and his ready wit, combined with his terse and well-pointed remarks admirably displayed exceptional debating powers. After pointing out the "weak spots" he saw in the address of the preceding speaker, he dwelt with much force and eloquence on the lack of firmness the President exhibited in upholding the Monroe doctrine. He called attention to the fact that President Cleveland expressed himself as agreeable to any arrangement made by Great Britain and Venezuela between themselves concerning their disputed boundary, and showed how opposite this was to the Monroe doctrine, which prohibits any European nation from acquiring possessions here by purchase or otherwise. The depth of Mr. Forhan's words was fully understood.

Mr. W. P. Fennell next spoke on the affirmative side, and stated that although on that side he would prefer to act as moderator in the matter rather than encourage a high tension of feeling on the subject. He heartily advocated the President's position in the Venezuela question as being very proper, and in perfect conformity with the principles of the Monroe doctrine. He reminded the audience of the very grave responsibility attached to the President in the matter, and would only recommend war when there was no alternative.

The last speaker of the evening was Mr. C. L. Mahoney, whose address was delivered from a negative standpoint, and was certainly the most direct and convincing of the four. He showed that the question of debate was not a matter of patriotism on the part of the masses, but of the proper interpretation of the Monroe doctrine. He said the President should have first satisfied himself of the absolute correctness of the boundary line, then issue his message if necessary, and after that stand firmly and unflinchingly by it. Mr. Mahoney said he was sorry that the gentlemen on the affirmative side had practically submitted neither argument nor proof in justification of their opinions, and this rather left the debate on his side. His elucidation of the subject of debate was excellent, and gave much valuable knowledge to his audience.

After Mr. Mahoney's address many members of the audience wished to speak on the subject, but owing to the lateness of the hour further comment was dispensed with.

An order to ascertain the opinion of

the audience on the matter discussed, the chair called for a standing vote, and although the sides were pretty evenly taken, still the majority went in favor of the negative side. The meeting then adjourned.

Regular monthly meetings of the Lyceum are held at Unity Hall, No. 77 Thirty-first street. All information, and tickets of admission can be had free on application to Thomas J. Sherlock, secretary, 124 Dearborn avenue, City.

## NOT READY FOR A COURT OF ARBITRATION.

[Chicago Tribune, Jan. 11.]

Mr. Norman, the London Chronicle's special correspondent in this country, has submitted to the members of the committee on foreign affairs in both houses of congress the following interrogation:

"Would it, in your opinion, be well for the government of the United States and Great Britain to endeavor to agree upon the constitution of a permanent court or tribunal of arbitration to which all questions at issue between the two governments, not involving national autonomy or honor, should be submitted for decision when diplomatic negotiations fail?"

With due regard for Mr. Norman's friendly interest and his desire for peace, his scheme, under present circumstances, is premature. It would rule out the Monroe doctrine itself. We should be compelled to submit any question involving that doctrine to England. That doctrine is not for arbitration and never will be. We could not require England to accept it to start with as the basis of arbitration. The very point at issue now in the quarrel could not be settled. The American people will never allow that doctrine to go into court. It has been affirmed as a dogmatic, inflexible demand, and not as any part of the rules of international relations with any European power. It says to foreign powers they shall not seize territory in this Western Hemisphere.

Suppose England should do it, as she is trying to do in Venezuela. How could we ever get the case into court except by waiving the Monroe doctrine? That will never be done. If it is not to be considered, then we must concede to England or any other foreign power the right to seize territory. We can never arbitrate any question involving the validity of the Monroe doctrine. As to the question of honor, that cannot be adjudicated. As to "autonomy," what does this mean? The right to exist as an independent government? The right to continue as a free nation? Who would be the judge of this?

It will be impracticable to establish a court of this kind from any point of view. Any arbitration, as things now stand, would be unfair and premature. A court of arbitration between Great Britain and the United States at this time on the line proposed would be like an agreement between two men to leave all their future disputes to arbitration while one of them remained armed with a revolver and bowie knife and the other had but a penknife for self-defense. If the adjudication went against the strongly armed man he simply would not accept it, and the unarmed man in that case would be helpless and at his mercy and tolerance.

There can be no equality in arbitration as between the United States and Great Britain until our defenseless ports are placed in a proper state of self-defense, until our seacoast cities are safe from the bombardment of an English fleet, and until no menace of England can make us seriously disturb. We shall be ready to arbitrate with England when we are on equal terms with her, when she finds herself in a position where she must deal fairly and cannot afford to be an aggressor, and when she realizes that, big as her fleet is, it cannot shell and burn our cities, or levy ransoms upon them. A standing rule of arbitration before protection has been provided from British intolerance, insult, or aggression would be a one-sided and delusive affair. The two nations must be on terms of substantial equality. Our coast defenses must at least be in a respectable condition. This country must have the ability to "stand off" any fleet, from our seacoast great cities, England can send here to shell or destroy on pain of ransom. Then there can be a court of arbitration to settle quarrels established.

After that England would not trespass upon our Monroe doctrine, our "honor," or our "autonomy," or our lawful rights of any kind. So long as she has control of the high seas and we have open ports, so long as she has the most high-power guns and our principal seaports are vulnerable to assault and destruction; so long as she has scores of fighting ships to launch against our open ports, it is useless to talk about fair and unbiased arbitration.

Arbitration can only be secured with England on terms of equality of self-defense as between the two nations, and the way to secure that immunity from aggression is for congress to do its duty, to place our ocean ports in a condition of security.

Avoid Pneumonia, diphtheria and typhoid fever, by keeping the blood pure, the appetite good and the bodily health vigorous by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills have won high praise for their prompt and efficient yet easy action.

For the new Irish National Alliance Lapel Button, write to JOHN BREGAN, 226 South Halsted street, Chicago.

## DEATH OF FRANK LAWLER.

Well Known Politician Dies Suddenly From Heart Disease—Began Life as a Laborer and Rose to be a Congressman.

Never Ceased to Work for the Benefit of Poor People—Many Excellent Qualities of Heart Made Him Popular.

[From The Chronicle, Jan. 18.]

Alderman Frank Lawler, ex-congressman and one of the most widely known and best liked politicians in Chicago, says the Chronicle of the 18th inst., died at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon of heart disease at his home, No. 124 West Taylor street. Death was absolutely unexpected, the alderman having been apparently in the best of health and spirits the night before, while attending a charity ball which he himself had arranged in West Twelfth Street Turner hall. His death took place in the presence of his wife and five children.

News of his decease spread rapidly through the city, causing universal sorrow. A special meeting of the city council has been called for this morning at 11 o'clock, when suitable action will be taken and resolutions passed to his memory. Every member of the council and city officials, besides his hundreds of friends, felt Frank Lawler's death as a personal loss.

Frank Lawler was pre-eminently a friend of the poor and lowly. It was this characteristic which distinguished his entire career, including four terms as alderman and three terms in congress. There are many poor families living in the Nineteenth ward today who have owed food and clothing, employment and the means of subsistence to him who was long and lovingly called "Our Frank."

A prominent city hall man who knew him well declared that Lawler spent his life in working for other people, and always the poor people. While some men grew rich out of a term as alderman, his many years in the council did not prevent him from dying in circumstances almost humble.

His last night of life was characteristic of the man. It was spent at the charity ball given by the Frank Lawler Social and Political club in the Twelfth Street Turner hall. The whole affair was arranged and carried out by him and the proceeds were devoted to the needy of the ward. Genial, big hearted Frank Lawler was the life of the dance, and it is not improbable that the exertion and excitement of the occasion may have indirectly caused his death.

It was in Rochester, N. Y., that Frank Lawler first saw the light, June 25, 1842. He lived in Buffalo until 1854, but after that time Chicago was his home. His father, who was a carpenter, was accidentally killed when he was 13 years old, and the boy was thrown entirely upon his own resources. His first work was in Jordan's brickyard, on the south bank of the Chicago river. In those days laborers went to work with the dawn and quit with the dark, so after a good taste of this regime it is not surprising that Frank Lawler was one of the earliest and staunchest advocates for a short working day. Leaving the brickyard, he worked as a newsboy on the railway trains and then as a brakeman. Later he secured an apprenticeship to the trade of ship carpenter and calker. He was elected president of the Ship Carpenters and Calkers' Union almost as soon as eligible. He was one of the founders of the Trades' Assembly.

On the recommendations of the trades unions Gen. John McArthur, postmaster, appointed him a letter carrier. He was promoted to a responsible position in the registry department, and altogether spent twelve years in the government service. During this time he was elected alderman from the old Eighth ward, now the Nineteenth, in 1878. He was re-elected in 1878, 1880 and 1882. While a member of the council he was known as a fighter for the "common people." Among other measures he worked to secure the passage of the tenement-house inspection act, the anti-child labor ordinance, and the popular order closing the bridges one hour, morning and evening, so that working people would not be delayed in getting to their employment. While still an alderman he was elected to the Forty-ninth congress, and re-elected to the Fiftieth and Fifty-first, from the Second congressional district.

When Lawler took his seat in congress his course was watched at first with some misgivings, but he proved himself a hard working, faithful representative. It is said that he secured the passage of more appropriations for needed Chicago improvements than any of the city's representatives.

Another exciting struggle was his fight for sheriff in 1890, but the Republican candidate, James H. Gilbert, was successful at the polls. Chicagoans will long remember Lawler's monster petition, signed with over 20,000 names, asking President Cleveland to appoint him postmaster. It was his ambition to end as chief in the office where he began as carrier, but fortune failed to smile on his wish.

In 1891 he ran for congress as an independent candidate, but lost in a triangular battle. Again he presented himself at the last election as an independent nominee for alderman, having failed to obtain the regular Democratic nomination. He won what he consid-

ered a remarkable victory over heavy odds.

Life for him was a succession of battles, with victory mingled with defeat. Both alike were accepted philosophically, and nothing ever soured his spirit of cheerful generosity.

"Frank Lawler was a Labor Democrat," said Joseph Greenhut, whose acquaintance with the dead alderman extended over a period of nearly thirty-five years. "His heart was with the laboring people, and their recognition of that fact and the support they gave him were the great factors in his successes at the polls. And he did not forsake them after election. He took care of their interests in the council and during his three terms in congress. He secured recognition for union labor in the executive departments of the city and fought for fair wages for the city laborers. He it was who secured the passage of the ordinance requiring the health department to keep labor statistics. During the eight-hour agitation in 1887 he was instrumental in securing the enactment of the Illinois eight-hour law. His friendship for the workingmen never exhausted itself in words. The measures introduced by him in the city council in the interests of labor have all been practical and useful."

"Mr. Lawler gave a striking exemplification of this phase of his character during the miners' troubles at Spring Valley, when he went among the men and gave them personal encouragement, as well as aided in the collection of money and supplies for the relief of their distress. His sympathy for union labor has always been manifest. More than one trades union has been organized with his willing co-operation."

"It can never be truthfully said of Frank Lawler that he was a mere politician. Chances enough he had to become rich, but he died a poor man. In office and out he did a great deal of good for poor people who had need of such a friend, and for his less fortunate political associates he secured positions when he could, but never for his own gain. He was not an office broker nor a schemer. His favors were conferred out of the greatness of his heart, which ever beat responsive to distress."

On the city council in special session on the 17th inst. he passed suitable resolutions in commemoration of their departed colleague. They also voted to attend the funeral in a body. The different labor organizations also held special sessions and passed appropriate resolutions. The widow received many telegrams of sympathy from prominent people in the city and throughout the country.

The funeral occurred on Monday morning from the family residence to the Holy Family (Jesuit) church, which did not accommodate a moiety of those who attended the obsequies. Nearly a thousand carriages filled the streets in the neighborhood of the church. High mass of requiem was offered up for the repose of the soul of the departed, and the funeral sermon was preached by the eloquent Father Dowling, S. J. The interment was in the family lot at Calvary cemetery.

## IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of \$1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received half rent and stationary shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 151 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, John P. Sutton, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

## A Chance to Make Money.

I taught school last winter and this summer. Seeing so many advertisements of dish washers, I thought I would make some money during vacation. You said in your paper the Rapid Dish Washer was the best, so I sent to W. P. Harrison & Co., Columbus, O., who manufacture specialties for agents, and got one. Asked the neighbors in and washed the dinner dishes so quick and nice, everyone present bought one. I made this week \$62.00, and that is a good deal better than school teaching. So I am going to sell dish washers this winter. Other teachers would be glad to have this hint. DAISS HENRY.

## An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

## Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Breuners' "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

## THE NEW MOVEMENT.

Enemies and Conditions That Surround England, and That Must Be Taken Into Account, by the Irish National Alliance.

How Great Britain Stopped Russia at the Gates of Constantinople, and How the Bear Meditates Vengeance On the Lion.

BY A. L. MORRISON.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

In the midst of those difficulties the McKinley tariff was brought forward. I invite the special attention of the adherents of the New Movement to these English opinions on it. The old enemy and malinger of the Irish race said, Nov. 5, 1891: "Ohio indeed, which at the congressional election last year apparently revolted against the protection policy and threw out Mr. McKinley, the author or sponsor of the new tariff law, has returned to its first love. We regret Mr. McKinley's return, which, as President Harrison's congratulatory message shows, will give new confidence to the Protectionists." July 14, 1890, the London Dispatch contained this very significant item: "At Sheffield today, the mayor of that city presided over a meeting attended by 12,000 persons, its object being to protest against the McKinley Tariff bill as seriously affecting Sheffield's manufacturing interests." London Engineering, April 8, 1892, says: "There is a general idea here that the McKinley Tariff law will be repealed before long, or, at all events, be so much modified that the sting will be taken out of those clauses most objectionable to British manufacturers, and it is for this reason that the hopes of the Democrats for the approaching presidential election are so largely shared in this country." The London Financial Times hopes that "the American people will tear up the McKinley law, root and branch."

Well, the McKinley bill became a law, and here is what Sir Charles Tupper, Canadian High Commissioner, said at the congress of chambers of commerce of the British empire: "In 1890 England took from the products of the United States \$485,000,000 without the imposition of one farthing of duty, and they took in return \$160,000,000; so that two-thirds of what they sent to us had to be paid for in cash. Well, were they satisfied? Not at all. They passed the McKinley Tariff bill, and by one stroke of a pen they knocked off 10 per cent of that paltry \$160,000,000. Then through the McKinley law they, like a great octopus, threw their tentacles over all South America and the West Indies to drive British trade out of that country, and they are going to do it." He then reads what the British Consul in Brazil says: "You must make up your minds to lose the Brazilian trade, because the United States has got hold of Brazil under the reciprocity clause of the McKinley law." And then Sir Charles continues: "By doing that they have done that which I hold to be a greater crime than the imposition of the McKinley tariff and knocking down the small amount of the product of British industry sent to the United States, a greater wrong by throwing their tentacles around South America, the Antilles and the West Indies, with a view to drive England and Canada out of the southern hemisphere."

If the old Fenian Brotherhood or Clan-na-Gael had written the McKinley act it could not have struck a more deadly blow at British trade, and a blow at Britain's trade is a blow at Britain's life. By destroying her markets we cut off her supplies, and that means death. By continuing that policy for ten years we could reduce England to such a condition that she would have all she could do to feed her idle millions; in twenty years she would be at the mercy of any enemy. Perhaps some of our West Britons may think this too cruel, if so, let them stand aside. We need neither their advice nor assistance. Such men would not cut off the supplies of the enemy in the field, but I will not have such scruples, but I will not have the fact that I have been able to help cripple the enemy. In the short life of the McKinley law, which wrought such havoc in British interests, English factories were closed by the hundred and American factories were re-opened, or built, to take their places. It shut England out of South and Central America, and the Spanish and even some of the British West Indies, and very largely out of the United States as well. But why was this policy so beneficial to America and so detrimental to our enemy not continued? The plain answer is that English policy prevailed, the McKinley law was repealed and our markets were thrown open to England.

Here are a few figures which tell what England has gained and we have lost in ten months of the "revised" tariff. In that time we bought \$58,608,977 more from Europe than in a corresponding time under the McKinley law, and of that we sent \$3,400,000 to England. That was a great relief to the old enemy, and the misers and disgrace of it is that every Irishman who voted for that policy helped not only to give it to her but to take it out of our pockets for that purpose. Without taking any notice of the dire effects of this policy on America, let me ask how any Irishman who professes to hate the English enemy, can reconcile that idea with his conduct in voting to tighten her grip on his native land? He has been actually making sacrifices to save the old tyrant from financial ruin. If such an Irishman has any doubt on the matter, I submit the following British authority for his inspection: "The lowering of the American tariff has been our salvation, and it can not be said that we have shown much reciprocity; for, instead of taking the increased value of our shipments across the Atlantic in kind, we seem to have bought less American produce. It is needless to go beyond our own Board of Trade returns to find an explanation of a good deal of the monetary trouble in the United States. Practically every penny that was subscribed here toward the recent American loan has been got back through the expansion in the exports of woolsens and worsteds, but the United States has not confined her increased purchases to those articles. Last month she bought less raw wool than in September, 1894, but had to pay more for it."—London Financial News, Oct. 8, 1895.

It will be noticed that the above is from the same paper which hoped a few months before that we would "tear up the McKinley law, root and branch." Its desire was granted, and now he says that the lowering of the American tariff, which followed the tearing up of the McKinley bill, "has been our England's salvation." Do I blame the Englishman? By no means; but I do blame every Irishman who did what he desired him to do. I now conclude by saying that if Irishmen at home will not stop at once and forever strengthening England by enlisting in her ranks and fighting her battles they are not worthy of liberty, and that if Irishmen here insist on fighting England by helping to fling millions of American money into her coffers they had better abandon the cause of Ireland and not make themselves ridiculous any longer in the eyes of the world. For my part I will, by word and deed, prevent one cent from going to England that I can keep in America.

## OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY NAGHTEN.

Mrs. Mary Naghten, wife of Mr. John Naghten, and daughter of Mr. John Mullin, died on Friday, the 17th inst., at the family residence, No. 1220 Washington boulevard. She was born in this city about thirty years ago, and was educated at the seminary of the Sacred Heart. Her death was a particularly sad one, as she had just become a mother, and was thought to have gone through the ordeal safely, but it was ordained otherwise, for in spite of all that medical skill could do she failed rapidly and passed away to her final reward. Mrs. Naghten's sudden and unexpected death shows to us all the uncertainty of life, and is aptly portrayed in the lines:

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north  
wind's breath,  
And stars to set; but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own,  
O Death.

Solemn high mass was celebrated at the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, on Jackson boulevard, Rev. Father Baldi and two attending priests officiating. The interment was at Calvary cemetery. That she may have eternal rest is the prayer of her many mourning friends.

MR. PATRICK CASEY.

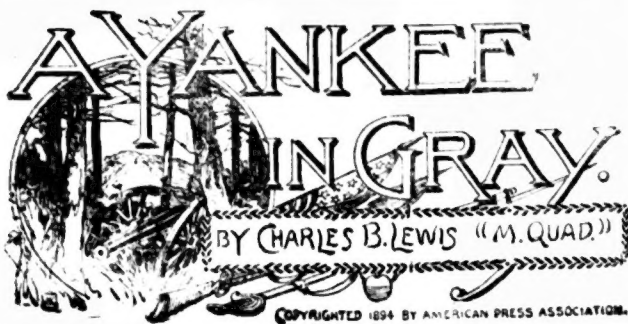
The funeral services for Mr. Patrick Casey, one of the characters of Chicago and a veteran bartender, who died at his home in Leavitt street, Friday week, were held last Monday at 9:30 o'clock from the family residence to St. Malachy's church and thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery. From 1834 to two weeks before his death Mr. Casey had stood behind the bar in Chicago saloons—always the same original Casey. In 1850 he embarked in business for himself as proprietor of the cigar stand in the "Shakespeare" saloon, which stood on the land now occupied by the Tribune building. Then he ran the "Silver Fountain" saloon in 1851 and afterward managed "The Store" for M. C. McDonald at No. 174 Clark street. "The Store" flourished from 1872 to 1888, and then Mr. Casey went behind the bar again, and for the last five years his long white beard and grave face were familiar in James McQuay's place on Dearborn street. He was nearly 70 years old, and leaves a widow and two daughters.—Evening Post.

MR. TIMOTHY HAYES.

After an illness of several months, Mr. Timothy Hayes died at Killaloe, county Clare, Ireland, on Sunday, the 19th inst. The funeral took place on Tuesday, the interment being in the old churchyard of the same town. Mr. Hayes was a well known citizen of Killaloe, and was engaged in the grocery business during the last twelve years of his life. He was much respected for his many good and sound qualities. Taken away at the comparatively early age of 46 years, he leaves a widow and three children to mourn his loss. Mr. Hayes was a brother of Father Hayes, pastor of St. Rose of Lima, this city, to whom he made a short visit a few years ago. May his soul rest in peace.

A CHANCE TO EARN MONEY.

A class for instruction in English meets every Sunday afternoon at the City Clerk's collection office, Hall Building. All persons desiring to learn English may attend. The class is held in the Hall Building, on the second floor, and is free of charge. The class is held in the Hall Building, on the second floor, and is free of charge. The class is held in the Hall Building, on the second floor, and is free of charge.



## CHAPTER XXII.

While Uncle Ben was slowly progressing along the frozen and slippery highway, and when he had reached a point about three miles from Rest Haven, he suddenly encountered about a dozen men, most of whom were mounted. All but one were in citizens' dress, and he at first supposed them to be farmers. They rushed upon the old man with a shout, and pistols and knives were flourished before his face as the gang cried out:

"Hang him up!"  
"Slice off his ears!"  
"Build a fire and roast him if he lies to us!"

"Fo' de Lawd, gem'lens, but what's de matter?" asked the old man as soon as he could get in a word.

"We want them two Yankees!" shouted three or four men in chorus.

"W-what Yankees? I nebber dun seen a Yankee sence dat big army went by de house on hors'back!"

"Yo' lie, yo' old black faced devil!" said the leader as he got off his horse and seized Uncle Ben by the collar.

"Now, then, tell us where they are hiding! Don't pretend to us that yo' have not seen 'em, for we know better! Out with it now, or yo' won't live two minutes!"

"What yo' mean?" asked the old man, who was badly upset over the sudden attack.

"We mean just this: We've been following two Yankee spies along the mountain nearly all day. One of them was wounded about an hour ago. They were headed this way, and yo' must have met them and know where they now are. Did they send yo' for a doctor?"

"Nebber, sah, nebber! I tole yo' de troof, I nebber did meet up wid nobody sence I started from de house!"

"From what house?"

"Dat house back dar which b'longs to Missus Percy. Mebbe yo' knowed de Percys of Winchester?"

"The Percys, eh? Are you a Percy nigger?"

"Yes, sah, an de only one dat's left."

"And where were you going?"

"Down to Harrisonburg, sah, to git news 'bout dat battle dey fout dar de odder day. I hain't seed a single pesson on de road, an if yo' was to kill me I dun couldn't tell yo' nuffin 'bout no Yankees!"

They had looked upon it as just a chance that Uncle Ben had encountered the men they were after, and their vigorous measures were intended to frighten the information out of him. While he was trembling and afraid, his tones satisfied the crowd that he was telling the truth. It wouldn't do to let him down too easily, however. The negroes of the country were breaking over all rules and regulations and traveling about at night to confer with each other and plan escapes to the Federal camps.

"Now, then," said the leader of the band, "yo' have had a powerful close call, and yo' want to remember it! Niggers have no business away from home after dark. Yo' were probably going to Harrisonburg to give yo'self up to de Yankees, but we'll spoil that little game! This will do yo' a heap of good!"

And thereupon, holding Uncle Ben with his left hand by a firm grip on his collar, he used a rawhide over the old man's back and legs with his right and administered the first whipping of his life. When his arm had grown weary, he stopped and said:

"Now, yo' make a beeline for home and don't stop to rest on de way! If any other prowling niggers ask yo' about that battle at Harrisonburg, yo' tell him yo' was in it and got licked! Gee-up!"

As the old man headed for Rest Haven the gang of men rode in the other direction. He stepped out at a lively pace until hidden by the darkness and then stopped and turned to shake his fist and whisper:

"White man, I've only a pore ole nigger, but somebody has got to bleed fur dis! Nobody ebber put a whip on Uncle Ben befo' sence he was a pickaninny, an I'll kill yo' fur dat as shore as I ebber git de chance!"

He at first thought of resuming his journey toward Harrisonburg, but a moment's reflection convinced him that if he fell into the hands of the same party again his life would be in peril. He realized how much disappointed Marian would be, but he would return and report and perhaps make a new start. He had covered two miles of the back track when at a turn in the road a man stepped out from the rocks at his feet and ordered him to halt and add:

"Who are yo'?"

"Uncle Ben Percy."

"What is that yo' Uncle Ben?"

"Fur shore, but I hain't dun met up wid no Yankee spies, jess as I tole yo' befo'."

"Uncle Ben, don't yo' un know me?"

asked the man as he came nearer. "I've talked with yo' many a time in Winchester befo' de war. I'm Steve Brayton."

"Fo' de Lawd! Yes, I remember yo' voice! I dun reckoned yo' was some mo' of dat crowd what was gwine ter kill me!"

"Hev yo' met up with anybody?"

"De Lawd forgive me, but I has!"

Back dar 'bout two miles a gang o' white men stopped me an war gwine to shute me dead an cut my throat! Dar

said I had seen some Yankee spies, an because I dun hadn't seen nobody 'tall dey git me de most powerful lickin on airth!"

"Yankee spies?" queried Steve. "Ah, I understand! And are yo' with the Percy family, Uncle Ben?"

"Fur shore."

"Do they uns live high yere?"

"Bout a mile away, sah."

"And whar war yo' goin when yo' met up with that crowd?"

"I'd dun started fur Harrisonburg to git news 'bout dat big battle. Dat Cap'an Wyle he was long yere today an tole Miss Sunshine dat Mars Kenton was killed ober dar!"

"He did?"

"Yes, sah, an den Miss Sunshine cum out to me wid her face as white as snow an tears in her eyes an a big lump in her throat, an when I seed how powerful she felt I dun said I would go an find out dat Mars Kenton was all right."

"See yere, Uncle Ben, I've got sunthin to tell yo'!" said Brayton as he drew him up of the road. "Mars Kenton is up yere among the rocks and bresh!"

"Fo' de Lawd!"

"That gang was after the two of us, though we are not Yankee spies. Mars Kenton was badly wounded jess befo' dark, and I had to carry he on my back fur a couple of miles. Uncle Ben, yo' must go to de house and git blankets and bandages and sunthin fur us to eat. Yo' must also bring dat gal yere, but not tonight. Tomorrow will do fur her, but we must hev the other things tonight."

"Fur de luv of heaben, but how yo' do talk!" gasped the old man. "Den Mars Kenton he wasn't killed at Harrisonburg?"

"No."

"And he dun got shot tryin to git ober yere today?"

"Yes. Is Ike Baxter's wife at de house?"

"Her am, an she dun jest hates Mars Kenton."

"Then yo' must be keeful. Try and see de gal alone. Tell her she must send the things tonight, but not to come herself till tomorrow. Go now as fast as yo' kin. I'll be waitin fur yo' right yere on this spot. Hold on a minit. Hev yo' got a gun at de house?"

"Yes, a double bar'l'd shotgun."

"Then bring it back with yo', and powder and shot and caps. If we hev a fount yere, it will be at close range, and buckshot will be better'n bullets."

"Fo' de Lawd!" muttered the old man as he set off at his best pace. "Dat Cap'an Wyle he lie to Miss Sunshine. Den Miss Sunshine wants me to go to Harrisonburg. Den I meet up wid some gorillas an git switched till I smart like pepper. Den I start fur home an meet dat Steve Brayton an find out dat Mars Kenton hain't dead but hurted, an de Lawd only knows what's gwine to happen tomorrow!"

The invalid mother had fallen into a light sleep, and Marian sat thinking. She and Mrs. Baxter had taken turns at watching with the sick, and this was her night, while the other had gone to the help's quarters. Uncle Ben need not have been cautioned about Mrs. Baxter, as he felt that he thoroughly understood her disposition. He turned off the road to approach the house from another direction, and so softly did he draw near that the first warning Marian had of his presence was a tapping on the window pane. He pressed his old black

cap against the glass that she might know who was there, and a moment later she stood outside the door with a shawl thrown over her head.

"You are back, Uncle Ben—what's de matter?" she asked.

"Heaps de mattab, Miss Sunshine, heaps. I dun met up wid mo' dan fo'ty bushels o' trouble! I've news fur yo'!"

"You—you met some one who told you about Mr. Kenton?"

"Fur shore! Dat Cap'an Wyle lie to yo'! Mars Kenton he dun git away arter dat battle, 'long wid Steve Brayton."

"Thank God!" she whispered as she raised her clasped hands to the bright stars in the winter sky.

"But dar's trouble, Miss Sunshine—heaps o' trouble! Dey was tryin to git ober yere when some gorillas reckoned dey was Yankee spies an dun shoted Mars Kenton. He hain't dead, but he's bad hurt, an he's lyin in de bresh on de rocks down yere 'bout a mile. I must

dat Steve Brayton, an he dun tole me all 'bout it."

"Royal Kenton wounded—badly hurt and lying in the brush this winter's night!" moaned Marian as she grasped Uncle Ben by the arm.

"Hist dar!" he cautioned. "We mustn't woke up de missus or dat Baxter woman. Now, den, yo' be brave. Yo's got to be! Steve Brayton he dun said I was to bring back blankets an bandages an sunthin to eat. We must set around mighty softly an pick 'em up."

"And I will go back with you! God grant that his life may be spared!"

"Hush, chile! Yo' can't go wid me tonight, but tomorrow. Dat's what Steve Brayton dun said. When I git back dar, I'll see Mars Kenton wid my own eyes, an I'll tell him all 'bout yo, an I'll stay right dar all night an nuss him."

"Oh, Uncle Ben, but I feel that I must go to him!"

"Hush! Yo' jess git all dem fings what I spoke of packed up fur me as quick as yo' kin an let me go back! If yo' want dem gorillas to finish Mars Kenton, yo' jess make a fuss so dat Mrs. Baxter will open dem big ears o' hern an find out de news!"

## CHAPTER XXIII.

As was stated in a previous chapter, Captain Wyle's company, along with others, had been returned to the valley and placed under the orders of General Imboden. Ike Baxter and the others captured at Kerestown had rejoined the company when exchanged. Ike felt more than ever that Royal Kenton was an enemy he must get rid of, and Captain Wyle encouraged this feeling in various ways, though never openly and directly committing himself. On two occasions Ike had been granted leave of absence to visit his wife. Both times he had met her secretly.

The spirit which animated this humble twain will surprise only those who have never encountered the "poor whites" of the south. Nine out of ten of the bloody and long continued feuds we read of in southern communities begin among the poor and ignorant. The cause is generally of trifling character. The "poor white" may be humbled by the law, but outside of the courtroom he hates with an intensity hard to realize. He is persistent, cunning, merciless. Ike Baxter had never had an ambition in his life up to the hour he enlisted. He could barely read and write, was naturally lazy and indifferent and felt no pride in anything except the fact that he was "better than a nigger." When he found that corporals and sergeants were looked up to and respected, there came a queer feeling in his heart. He could not credit it at first, but Captain Wyle aided him in his mental struggle. The day came when Ike had an ambition and a burning desire. It was to be a corporal or sergeant. In his wild dreams of glory he did not stop there. He determined to go higher and become a lieutenant or captain. As soon as he was given to understand that Royal Kenton stood in his way it was but natural with one of his nature to determine to remove the obstacle by any means possible.

Before the war the "Yankee," both as a man and as the representative of a section of the republic, had few friends in the south. He was supposed to be hostile to all southern "institutions." The more ignorant the southerner the more heartily he hated and despised the citizen of the north. He believed what the fire eating politicians pretended to believe and often asserted. The John Brown raid upon slavery in Virginia and the events in "Bleeding Kansas" served to intensify the sectional hate of the "poor whites." Thus it was that Ike Baxter, picking up his crumbs of history and his bits of information on current events at the doors of the livery stable or around the stove of the bar-room, was something of a local champion in the matter of Yankee hating. If Kenton had not stood between him and military glory, he would still have felt a bitterness toward him as a man born in the north. Uncle Ben's cautious approach to the house on this night had reference only to Mrs. Baxter. There was another man stealing through the darkness and making a noiseless approach at the same time—Ike Baxter. Neither Uncle Ben nor Marian Percy caught a sight of him, but he noticed their every movement and drew his own conclusions. The gun which the old man had been told to secure was in his room in the little house. He had departed from Rest Haven without being seen or his absence noted by the woman, but his return aroused her, and her sharp eyes were upon him as he carried away the firearm and loaded himself with the bundles Marian had prepared and brought to the door. She was dressing to follow him as he disappeared down the highway, having a dim suspicion of the state of affairs, when Ike knocked at her window and was admitted. In less than a minute he had related what he saw outside, and she had told him of Uncle Ben taking the gun.

"Whar's he un bound fur?" queried Ike.

"Dunno, but sunthin's happened sum-whar! Yo' must feller him!"

"Has that Yankee bin yere?"

"No, but de gal's hearn news, fur shore! Reckon he un may be lyin out around yere sumwhar, and de nigger's takin out stuff to him! Git right arter he un, Ike, and if yo' find de Yankee go'n tell Captain Wyle and hev him cum with his critter company!"

"I'll do better'n that!" grimly replied the man as he stepped out into the night. "If I find dat Yankee around yere, I'll put a bullet into him fust and tell Captain Wyle next!"

Uncle Ben had only a few hundred yards the start, and the man on his trail soon lessened the distance until he could hear the old man's footsteps and make out a shadowy form through the darkness. There seemed nothing more certain than that he would follow on and uncover the hiding place of the fugitives. For nearly three-quarters of a

mile the slave messenger had put one idea—to return to Steve Brayton as fast as possible. He was hurrying along when a sudden thought flashed through his brain, and he instinctively stepped aside and halted to listen.

"How do I know, but what dat wom-an dun heard me git de gun an is fellerin me?" he whispered to himself. "She'd do it! She's powerful wicked, she am! An mebbe some mo' of dem gorillas am waitin long yere to grab me an giv me anodder whippin!"

He was listening as well as whispering, and after a minute he heard the sounds of footsteps coming down the road. He drew back into the deeper shadow of the high bank, dropped his bundles, and taking a firm grip of his gun he mentally resolved to make a fight for it if he was overhauled by the same crowd as before. A few seconds later he realized that only one person was approaching. The footfalls were too heavy for a woman. He had just decided this point when a man loomed up in the darkness before him and halted almost within arm's length to mutter:

"Drat my hide, but has that ole nigger left the road an giv me de slip? I heard he un only a minit ago, but him's dun gone now!"

It was Ike Baxter of course. He stood peering and listening for half a minute and then growled:

"I orter hev run he un right down an made him show me de way! Now de cussed Yankee may git away from me! No, he won't though! I'll hunt over every foot of this country but what I'll find him an hev his scalp!"

Uncle Ben did not recognize the man at all, as it had been many months since he had heard Ike Baxter's voice. It was instantly plain to him, however, that the man was a determined enemy and was seeking Royal Kenton's life. Ike took three or four steps forward and stopped again to listen. Noiselessly and with such a feeling as he had never experienced before Uncle Ben clubbed his gun, took one silent step forward

and next instant brought the heavy stock down upon Ike's head and felled to the earth. The man sank down on his face, and after waiting half a minute the old man gasped out:

"May de good Lawd dun forgive me, but I had to do it fur Miss Sunshine's sake!"

He picked up his bundles and hastened on and 10 minutes later was telling Steve Brayton what had happened.

"Glad of it!" replied the latter.

"Reckon I orter go up thar and make shore he's dead, fur I sorter think his name are Ike Baxter. Hain't got no time, though—not jess now. This way, Uncle Ben."

They passed between two great boulders which had fallen from the bank above, followed a ravine into the hills for about 300 feet, and after a climb up the right hand bank found the hiding place among the rocks. There was a small fire burning against a great boulder, and on a bed of leaves and branches lay Royal Kenton with a bullet wound in the calf of the right leg. It was a bit of good luck for him in the midst of adversity that the bullet had passed clear through without touching the bone. It was a painful and temporarily disabling wound, and he had lost much of his strength before the bleeding could be checked, but he was inclined to make light of the situation as Brayton and Uncle Ben appeared. The old darky knew Kenton only by sight, but the sight of him lying there in that helpless condition was a call for him to throw himself down on his knees and mean out:

"Fo' de Lawd an fo' de Lawd, but what am Miss Sunshine gwine to say an do when she knows dat he has bin shotted wid a dozen bou'balls!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Great Men and the Presidency.

There is nothing more pathetic in our history than the successive disappointments of great men in the matter of the presidency. They have dedicated their lives to the service of the country with the belief that their labors would surely bring them what they earned, but after all their endeavors, they have been disappointed and the prize has gone to men of inferior merits, as if in contempt of the rules of justice and propriety. There is no way to explain this curious irony of destiny. We only know that it is a part of the established order of things, and no man is great enough to be exempt from it.

In a sense, men of superior ability are always at a disadvantage, by reason of the envy that they provoke and the hostility that they excite, but this should not be sufficient to deprive them of what rightfully belongs to them, as the presidency certainly has rightfully belonged to a number of men who have not been able to obtain it.

The tendency of such a form of government as ours should be to reward public men according to their true deserts and to keep the highest office filled with the best examples of current greatness, but the truth is that it does not thus justify itself.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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## CHICAGO GETS ONE.

## DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION TO MEET THERE.

Twenty-nine Ballots Required to Settle the Matter, St. Louis Being the Closest Competitor, with About All the Free Silver Votes—Date of the Meet July 7.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—The Democratic national convention will hold at the city of Chicago on July 7. That was the decision reached yesterday by the national Democratic committee, after an interesting and at times exciting session which continued until 11 o'clock last night. There was considerable difference of opinion as to the time for holding the convention, one proposition, advanced by Allen W. Thurman, of Ohio, who held the proxy of the New Mexico member, being to hold it June 7, two weeks before the Republican convention, and the other by Hugh Wallace, of Washington state, to hold it July 7. The committee decided upon the latter date by a vote of 32 to 18. The main interest, of course, centered in the choice of the convention city. For this honor there were four applicants—Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and New York. Thirty minutes was allowed each city in which to present its claims.

**Eloquence Was There in Force.**  
The speeches, made by distinguished citizens in each instance, were of high order of excellence, and at times aroused the greatest enthusiasm. The balloting began about 6 o'clock last evening, and from the first a long and bitter struggle was indicated. The first ballot resulted—Chicago 6; Cincinnati, 11; St. Louis, 19; New York 14. There was practically no change, except a slight fluctuation of a vote or two, until the tenth ballot, when Chicago began gradually to increase her vote at the expense of New York. At the twentieth ballot New York's strength was rapidly disintegrating, her vote going almost bodily to Chicago. But St. Louis, which had tenaciously clung to her nineteen votes, also captured several of Cincinnati's votes, and on the ballot before the last led Chicago by one vote.

**Detailed Vote by States.**  
On the last ballot, the twenty-ninth, which was taken shortly before 11 o'clock the four remaining votes of New York were thrown to Chicago and she obtained the necessary plurality. Senator Bruce voted for Cincinnati to the last. An examination of the vote by states shows that St. Louis had practically the solid support of the free silver votes in the committee. The detailed vote on the final ballot by states was:

Cincinnati—Ohio.  
Chicago—Connecticut, Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Tennessee, Vermont, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Alaska, District of Columbia.

St. Louis—Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Delaware, Georgia, Kansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Jersey, North Dakota, South Carolina, Texas, Virginia, Washington, Wyoming, Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Utah, Indian Territory.

**Took Their Victory Very Quietly.**  
There was no attempt on the part of the Chicagoans to celebrate their victory in a demonstrative way; they took their success very quietly. The delegates say the preparations for the convention will be arranged by the local committee already appointed for that purpose and sub-committee on the national committee. The location of the hall in which to hold the convention will be left to this sub-committee. The national committee adjourned without electing the sergeant-at-arms and other officers, who probably will not be chosen for some weeks.

## BYRNES FOR SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.

Republican Committee at St. Louis Prepares for the Convention.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 21.—The Republican sub-committee of the national executive put to yesterday with arranging the preliminaries for the national convention, the most important action being the selection of Timothy E. Byrnes, of Minneapolis, for sergeant-at-arms. There were three candidates—Byrnes, W. W. Johnson, of Baltimore, and George M. Wiswell, of Milwaukee. The contest was very close between Byrnes and Wiswell, who received an equal number of votes on the first informal ballot. Johnson was given one vote, but on the next ballot, which was the first formal one, that vote was cast for Byrnes and elected him.

There were only seven votes in the committee, Chairman Carter failing to come and sending no proxy. Outside of the choosing of sergeant-at-arms nothing was done but look over the plans for altering the interior of the north nave of the Exposition building, where the convention will be held. Today the visitors and local committees will visit the exposition hall and whatever changes are to be made will then be decided upon. Chairman Manley has come here authorized to make and execute any contracts necessary to carry out the plans of the two committees, and will finish up everything today after the matter of the hall is finished.

Besides the members of the sub-committee the rotunda of the Southern hotel was the stamping ground of a number of politicians. Among these were J. B. Blythe, of Iowa, Senator Allison's right hand man; Colonel H. L. Swords, sergeant-at-arms of the national Republican committee; Charles A. Stone, of Chicago, secretary of the Illinois Republican state central committee; S. S. Olds, of Michigan, and Judge Messick, of Illinois. Manley declared himself an out-and-out Road man. J. S. Clarkson is for Allison, W. M. Hahn is for McKinley, and so is John E. Tanner, unless Senator Cullem can be induced to run. Powell Clayton is red-hot for McKinley, and vows that all Arkansas is with him. John W. Ewing is credited with being a McKinley man.

## VENEZUELANA DECLARE A BOYCOTT.

Propose to Get Along Hereafter Without British-Made Goods.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—A dispatch to The World from Caracas, Venezuela, says: The press and people of Venezuela have declared commercial war against England. The newspapers publish daily this notice in display type: "To the people: Whoever buys English products increases the power of Great Britain." For two months from Jan. 15 the press will give daily the names of Venezuelan and foreign merchants dealing in any manner with England.

## NEW GOVERNOR FOR IOWA.

Gen. Drake Inaugurated—Points from the Address He Made.

DES MOINES, Jan. 17.—Governor Drake's inaugural address was listened to yesterday afternoon by as large a crowd as could get within hearing. The ceremony of inauguration was performed with the usual



GENERAL FRANCIS MARION DRAKE.

military procession and other features, the capitol building being very handsomely decorated. The oath of office was administered by Chief Justice Rothrock. The new governor's message covered all the points that are of interest to the people of the state—improved waterways, the advantages of which he said could not be over-estimated; semi-centennial of the state, which he urged should not be neglected; a strong plea for state education, including agricultural colleges and some recommendations as to the state reformatory institutions.

He also urged greater efficiency of the National guard; spoke of the importance of good roads, and the temperance question, saying that the malt law seemed to be doing well. He urged that the age of consent in females be raised to 18 years; declared for tariff for protection, and eulogized labor; advocated bimetalism, and said our present financial system should not be abandoned recklessly; declared for the Monroe doctrine as interpreted by Olney and Cleveland, and closed with a plea for some means of stopping the Turkish atrocities in Armenia.

A brilliant reception was held last evening in the capitol building by Governor Drake and ex-Governor Jackson, and it looked as if the whole state was there.

## NOT GOOD TO BE ALONE.

That's What Gen. Harrison Thinks, and Will Marry Mrs. Dimmick.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—Ex-President Harrison last night announced that he and Mrs. Dimmick are engaged to be married. The marriage will not take place until after Lent. General Harrison will remain in town until Sunday, but is not sure whether he will leave to go to Indianapolis or Washington.

The fact that General Harrison had an important statement to make drew a large crowd of politicians and others to the corridors of the Fifth Avenue hotel last night. Many of the politicians expected that Harrison would make a declaration as to his candidacy for president, and were disappointed when they heard that the general talked of matrimonial affairs instead of politics. At the appointed time Tibbits, the general's private secretary, made the following statement in his room, where he received the members of the press:

"General Harrison authorizes the announcement that he and Mrs. Dimmick are engaged to be married, and that the marriage will not take place until after Lent." When the secretary finished reading the announcement he refused to say anything further, other than that ex-President Harrison would probably leave for Indianapolis on Monday, returning to Washington in time to argue the Stanford lawsuit. Mrs. Dimmick to whom the general is engaged, is better known in Indianapolis and Washington than in New York. During the life of Mrs. Harrison, who was her aunt, Mrs. Dimmick practically governed Harrison's household in Indianapolis, and directed the household affairs of the White House during the period that Mrs. Harrison was ill and prior to her death.

That Mrs. Dimmick was a favorite with the then president in Washington is without a doubt. At all state functions she received with Mrs. Harrison, and acted in her place later when she was sick. It is understood that the step was not taken by General Harrison without consulting his children, of whom he is very fond. Mrs. Dimmick is 49 years of age, tall and a strikingly handsome brunette.

## Flying Squadron Assembled.

PORTSMOUTH, England, Jan. 18.—The flying squadron, with six first class torpedo boat-destroyers included, assembled at Spithead at noon today.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—A dispatch to The World from London says: "The reports concerning the destination of the British flying squadron cannot be more than the flying speculation, as it sails under sealed orders, and even the admiral in command will be ignorant of his destination until the seal is broken at the prescribed distance from land."

## THE DEATH RECORD.

GEORGE ROCKWELL prominent Kansan, at Junction City, Kan.

Colonel WILLIAM SCOTT BROWN, Mex. can war veteran, at Chicago.

Mrs. M. E. HOLDEN ("Amber") prominent literary woman, at Chicago.

NEWELL NORTH, inventor of the gimlet pointed wood screw, at Akron, O.

DAVID L. HUGHES, prominent citizen of Decatur, Ill.

DR. HIRSH COLLINS, well known inventor, at Amesbury, Mass.

FRANK B. PFAFF, well known Indiana attorney and journalist, at Denver.

HENRY E. CHANDLER, one of the former owners of the Chicago Times, at Yonkers, N. Y.

CHARLES D. ARMS, retired millionaire of Youngstown, O.

Judge WILLIAM CHAPMAN, wealthy citizen of Hillsboro, Ill.

BERNARD GILMAN, the famous cartoonist, at New York.

JOHN B. ALLEY, ex-congressman, at Lynn, Mass.

Bishop HAYGOOD, of the M. E. church south, at Covington, Ga.

CHARLES N. BURR, pioneer business man of Princeton, Ill.

Rev. Dr. THOMAS ARMITAGE, the noted Baptist clergyman, at Yonkers, N. Y.

## HISTORY OF A WEEK

Wednesday, Jan. 15.  
William Ackman, Robert Childs, Harry McFee, Thomas Stowers, Crawford Minch, Harvey Emerson, Simon Budreau, John Clark, and William Goodwin were lost in a collision at night off Highland Light, N. J., between the steamer Barnstable and an fishing schooner Fortuna. The balance of the Fortuna's crew, fourteen men, was saved.

It is reported at New York that ex-Chief Byrnes will soon drop the "ex" and resume his old position at the head of the Gotham police force.

The Cuban junta at New York has news that a party of forty men has landed on the west coast of Cuba with 200 rifles and 100,000 cartridges for the rebels.

Judge Freeman, of Chicago, has discharged the defendants in a case charging members of the peace against the Chicago baseball club for playing on Sunday.

Mrs. Marion Spear, of Chicago, has just recovered her daughter, who was stolen from her nearly ten years ago by a woman now dead. The child was found in an orphanage at Manchester, N. H.

## Thursday, Jan. 16.

Don M. Dickinson says comfort is the desideratum in the matter of the location of the national Democratic convention, and figures it out that Chicago is the only town possessing that one thing needful.

It is announced that the British expeditionary force operating against Coomassie, capital of Ashanti, will reach that town on Saturday.

While the crowds going home from work in the evening were passing the big show windows of H. S. Berger's jewelry store at Chicago, burglars emptied the place of jewelry.

Arrangements have been made for an eight oared race between Harvard, Cornell, Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania. The place has not yet been decided upon, but it will probably be Poughkeepsie.

In a collision between the steamships Cesar and Nerous in a fog off Ramsgate, England, the former was sunk and nineteen of her crew drowned.

The boundary dispute between Chili and Argentina is so acute that Chili has ordered an army to the passes of the Cordilleras.

## Friday, Jan. 17.

The St. James Gazette, London, says: "We have no quarrel with the old Monroeism, but if the senate insists upon setting up a new Monroeism which will render the United States absolute arbiters of the affairs of the continent, of which one-third belongs to Great Britain, we certainly cannot avert the consequences by yielding."

In a law class which passed an examination before the supreme court at Pierre, S. D., Madison Jackson, a negro porter on the Northwestern road, was admitted to practice before all state courts.

D. T. and J. H. D. Stanley, president and cashier of the Bank of Commerce, which recently failed at Des Moines, have been arrested, charged with fraudulent banking.

The Argentine republic chamber of deputies has passed a bill granting bounties for exports of sugar.

The Rev. Father O'Gorman has been appointed by the pope bishop of Sioux Falls, N. D.

William Orman and his divorced wife, Elizabeth Orman, were remarried at Decatur, Ill. They had been divorced nine years and both are now 47 years old.

## Saturday, Jan. 18.

David Lenta, of Holmes county, O., has been placed in the asylum for the insane at Columbus after having been kept chained by his family for forty-four years.

William Hartel, a Payne (O.) manufacturer, refused to obey a white man notice to discharge a colored employee and that night his property was burned.

The population of Oregon, according to the census just completed by the county assessors, is 304,760, an increase of about 13 per cent. over the government census of 1890.

Anna Royster, whose father, a wealthy farmer of Boone, Ia., shot and killed her lover, Banker McFarland, on the streets of Boone Monday, committed suicide in Omaha.

Lizzie Becker and Della Mahan were killed and Martha Druff, Maggie Tracey, and Louis Yender fatally hurt by being run down by an engine while walking on the New Haven and Hartford tracks at New York.

Two children of George Spraggins, a coal miner living near Petersburg, Ind. were burned to death in their dwelling.

## Monday, Jan. 20.

Preachers of El Paso, Tex., have started a prayer crusade among the churches. Endeavor societies and similar organizations against the proposed fighting carnival in that vicinity.

Saturday evening an earthquake was experienced at Craig, Colo., and vicinity. Articles were thrown from shelves and clocks stopped, though no damage is reported.

The immigration investigating commission appointed by Secretary Carlisle complains that 100,000 Canadians come to the United States every year, under work the Americans and go back to Canada with their earnings.

Henry B. Chandler, an early resident of Chicago and one of the former owners of the Chicago Times, died at Yonkers, N. Y.

Bill Varel, aged 19, confessed that he murdered Samuel Demars near Biwabik, Minn., and the sheriff had all he could do to keep the Biwabik people from lynching Varel.

George Siler, of Chicago, has been chosen referee of the Fitzsimmons-Maher fight.

Alliceton, Wis., despite its name, enjoys the distinction of being the only town in the state without a woman resident.

Manufactures of meters have formed a trust.

An agent of the war department is reported to be investigating sites for a fortification near Cleveland.

Martial law has been proclaimed in the province of Barranquilla, state of Bolivar, republic of Colombia. Six hundred troops are proceeding from the coast up the Magdalena river to the city of Barranquilla.

Frank Lawler, the well-known Chicago politician, was buried yesterday, a vast throng attending his funeral.

It is reported that the Mosquito Indians, including Chief Andrew Henry, will invite Chief Clarence to return to the Mosquito territory.

Deposited by the Nicaraguans in 1894 and subsequently went to Jamaica.

H. P. Wilkinson, a prominent business man of Wheeling, W. Va., has mysteriously disappeared.

## STATE NEWS NOTES.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE OF ILLINOIS.

**Happenings of the Past Few Days Gathered Here and There Throughout the State—Telegraphic Reports of Events That Will Interest Our Readers.**

CHICAGO, Jan. 18.—Anton Fisher, an old employe of the Wells and French Manufacturing company suffered the loss of his left foot, a fracture of the left knee cap, and internal injuries from which he afterwards died at the county hospital. The accident happened just before 6 o'clock, when Fisher was employed at a transfer table. Fisher's left ankle was caught in a rope belt and the unfortunate man was dragged twenty feet when his leg was caught between the rope and wheel, the left foot being severed at the ankle.

## THINK HE WAS POISONED.

Chicago Man Found Dead in Bed and His Wife in Hysterics.

CHICAGO, Jan. 20.—August Johansen, a saloonkeeper at 838 Cottage Grove avenue, was found dead in his bed in his apartment over his saloon at midnight. He had been poisoned. In an adjoining room his wife was found in a nervous condition. She declared robbers had killed her husband and robbed the house of all their savings. She was taken to the Michael Reese hospital.

Johansen had been dead five or six hours when found, and it is believed his death was due to drinking poison in a cup of coffee given him by his wife. A cup with a little coffee was found in the room, and in the bottom of it is a sediment which the police believe to be poison. There are four persons under arrest and Mrs. Johansen is under surveillance at the hospital. Among the persons held by the police are the bartender for Johansen and a watchman who works in the neighborhood and boards at the Johansen house.

## Confirmed a Railway Sale.

PARIS, Ills., Jan. 20.—Judge Bookwalter in the circuit court of Edgar county has decided in favor of the defendants on all points, the cases of Craft and Todd against the Indiana, Decatur and Western Railway company. Craft and Todd attacked the sale under mortgage of said railroad, on the ground that the sale by the trustees by order of an Indiana court was void as to the portion of the road in Illinois. The court sustained the sale and dismissed the suits for want of equity.

## Covers All the Companies.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 17.—The state supreme court, in the case of the mandamus to compel Secretary of State Hinrichsen to accept \$1 as the fee for recording a certificate of increase of stock, decided against the company, which pleaded that the new law did not apply to companies organized previous to its passage. The supreme court says it does and the company will have to pay \$3,100 for its certificate.

## Building and Loan Concern in Trouble.

BLOOMINGTON, Jan. 20.—Attorney General Moloney through Assistant Attorney General Schofield has filed in the McLean county circuit court a bill asking for the closing up of the National Home Building and Loan association of Bloomington, one of the most important and extensive of the national or interstate associations of Illinois.

## Dying and a Probable Bankrupt.

MORRIS, Ills., Jan. 20.—Maier Bloch's clothing house, the oldest in the county, has been levied upon by the Grundy County National bank for \$2,200. As his doctor says he is dying fears are expressed as to his business. His stock is worth about \$11,000; his liabilities are about \$16,000.

## Wallace Must Suffer Death.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Jan. 17.—The supreme court has decided that Albert Wallace, of Delavan, Tazewell county, must suffer the death penalty. Wallace shot his sister, dangerously wounded Bowley, his brother-in-law, and crippled another sister last fall and afterwards confessed the crime.

## State Notes.

The administrator, Elijah P. Ramsay, of the estate of the deceased Illinois state treasurer, has filed a petition in the probate court at Carle, Ills., asking for an allowance to defray the cost to be entailed by the employment of an expert to examine the books.

Illinois Patriotic Daughters of America in session at Peoria elected these officers: President, Emma J. Benjamin, Chicago; vice president, Mrs. Ella Hunt, Chicago; recording secretary, Ida Eastman, Pullman.

Mrs. Catherine Miller, who has been sent from Pana, Ill., to an insane asylum, has the hallucination that she is dead and suffering the pangs of the damned in hell.

Town Treasurer W. A. Oliphant of Petersburg, Ind., sold his 90-acre river bottom farm to Danville, Ills., parties for \$30,000.

Burglars entered the house of Mrs. B. Laner at Carle, Ills., and secured \$100 in gold.

## The Old Man Was Secretary.

RAPID CITY, S. D., Jan. 21.—To obtain a reward of \$100, the father of Ross Cunningham, who recently escaped from jail in this city, has turned him over to the officers of the law, and he has been sent to the Sioux Falls penitentiary for five years on a charge of larceny. After his escape Cunningham made his way to the home of his parents, in the hills north of this city. At first it is said, the father was disposed to give him shelter, but learning a few days later that \$100 had been offered for his son's apprehension, he concluded to get the money at the sacrifice of his son's liberty.

## Sherman Equestrian Statue.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—The Sherman statue commission has decided to place the equestrian statue of General Sherman to be erected in Washington under the auspices of the Army of the Tennessee, on the reservation just south of the United States treasury building, where it can be seen the length of Pennsylvania avenue from the Capitol westward.

## Boers Allege a Horrible Plot.

LONDON, Jan. 20.—The Chronicle has a long Bloemfontein dispatch which states that the depuration from the Orange government which was sent to Pretoria was shown documents that it was the intention of the Chartered South African company to set loose savages to invade the Transvaal from all points to kill every man.

## FIRE IN A FLAT BUILDING.

Three Firemen Injured While Fighting the Blaze—Loss \$125,000.

CHICAGO, Jan. 21.—Live coals dropping from a Salamander started a fire on the top floor of the new five story flat owned by Lincoln Brooke at Wabash avenue and Thirty-sixth street at 7 o'clock Sunday night. Within two hours the building was destroyed, the Fleur de Lis flats adjoining were partly burned, twenty families in the latter structure were homeless, and three firemen and a bystander had been more or less badly injured. The loss was estimated at \$125,000.

The injured are: R. J. Daly, driver engine No. 29, hand lacerated by a falling brick; Richard Lyon, pipeman engine No. 29, overcome by smoke on fourth floor, rescued by firemen; Moses Marx, 351 Thirty-fourth street, struck by falling wall and hip injured; Lieutenant Stoppel, engine No. 9, knocked down by falling ladder and body bruised. The loss was divided as follows: Brooke building, \$50,000; Fleur de Lis flats, \$60,000; household goods, \$15,000; total, \$125,000.

## General Campos Resigns.

HAVANA, Jan. 18.—Captain General Martinez de Campos formally resigned his command yesterday to General Marin. The ceremony took place with much solemnity in the great salon of the captain general's palace. There were present all the authorities of the city and the chief officers of the regular army and of the volunteers. The captain general made a brief speech saying that he had conscientiously done his duty, but politicians had been writing continuously to Madrid requesting that he be relieved, and he had finally asked and been granted relief from the command. He then bid adieu to each man present.

## Results in Victory for Talmage.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—The disagreement between the co-pastors of the First Presbyterian church, Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage and Rev. Adolph Allen, has been settled by the church session calling for Mr. Allen's resignation. The church will honor the recent contract for Mr. Allen's services up to Oct. 1, next. After that Talmage will preach twice each Sunday.

## Deed of a Mauler.

OMAHA, Jan. 20.—A specialist to The Bee from Plattsmouth says: John Dreega, a Burlington agent, became a raving maniac Saturday and, grabbing his baby, hurled it through a window, carrying glass and all to the ground, two stories below. Four men were required to hold him when captured. He was perfectly rational a minute before.

## Double Murder Over a Game of Cards.

DINGESS, W. Va., Jan. 20.—Sharon Fuller and George Weatherholt, colored, were fatally shot here, and Frank Stewart, white, is dangerously injured. The trouble arose over a game of cards. Several parties fired shots and it is not known definitely who fired the fatal ones.

## Woman Burned to Death.

MUSKOGEE, I. T., Jan. 20.—The house of John Wesley, three miles west of here, was destroyed by fire and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles Wesley, was burned to death. It is believed that the house was set on fire by two drunken Creek Indians.

## Milwaukee Shoe House in Trouble.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 20.—Attachments were issued Monday against the shoe house of Smith & Stoughton Co. in favor of Charles F. Pfister of this city for \$47,000, and the store is now in the hands of the sheriff.

## THE MARKETS.

## New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23.  
Money on call 4 3/4 per cent; no loans; prime mercantile paper 6 3/4 per cent; sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 49 3/4, for demand and 48 3/4 for sixty days; posted rates, 48 3/4 for 60 days; commercial bills, 47.  
Silver certificates, 6 1/2, 3 1/2, no sales; bar silver, 67 1/2; Mexican dollars, 52 1/2.  
United States government bonds firm; new 4's registered, 114; do coupons, 115 1/2; registered, 113 1/2; 4's coupons, 114 1/2; registered, 109 1/2; 4's coupons, 109 1/2; registered, 98; Pacific 6's of '96, 100 bid.

## Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Jan. 23.  
The following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—January, opened 80 1/2, closed 80 3/4; May, opened 81 1/2, closed 81 3/4; July, opened 82 1/2, closed 82 3/4; September, opened 83 1/2, closed 83 3/4; December, opened 84 1/2, closed 84 3/4. Corn—January, opened 27 1/2, closed 27 3/4; May, opened 28 1/2, closed 28 3/4; July, opened 29 1/2, closed 29 3/4; September, opened 30 1/2, closed 30 3/4; December, opened 31 1/2, closed 31 3/4. Oats—January, nominal, closed 18 1/2; February, nominal, closed 18 1/2; March, nominal, closed 18 1/2; April, nominal, closed 18 1/2; May, nominal, closed 18 1/2; June, nominal, closed 18 1/2; July, nominal, closed 18 1/2; August, nominal, closed 18 1/2; September, nominal, closed 18 1/2; October, nominal, closed 18 1/2; November, nominal, closed 18 1/2; December, nominal, closed 18 1/2. Pork—January, opened 10 1/2, closed 10 3/4; May, opened 10 1/2, closed 10 3/4; September, opened 10 1/2, closed 10 3/4. Lard—January, opened 15 1/2, closed 15 3/4; May, opened 15 1/2, closed 15 3/4; September, opened 15 1/2, closed 15 3/4. Butter—Butter—Extra creamery, 30 per lb.; extra dairy, 18c; packing stock, 16c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 16c per dozen. Dressed poultry—Spring chickens, 7 1/2 to 8 1/2 per lb.; old hens, 7 1/2 to 8 1/2 per lb.; turkeys, 11 to 12 per lb.; geese, 6 to 8 per lb. Potatoes—Burbank, 2 1/2 to 3 per bushel. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 per bushel. Apples—Fair to choice, 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 per bushel. White clover, 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 per bushel. Yellow clover, 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 per bushel. Broken corn, 10 to 12 per bushel. Cranberries—Cape Cod, 12 to 14 per bushel.

## Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Jan. 23.  
Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock Yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 20,000. Sales ranged at \$13.40 to \$14.00 per cwt. light, \$13.80 to \$14.00 per cwt. medium, \$13.40 to \$14.00 per cwt. heavy packing and shipping lots.  
Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 10,000. Quotations ranged at \$13.40 to \$14.00 choice to extra shipping steers \$13.80 to \$14.00 good to choice do \$13.40 to \$14.00 fair to good, \$13.20 to \$13.80 common to medium do, \$13.00 to \$13.80 butchers' steers, \$12.80 to \$13.80 stockers, \$12.80 to \$13.80. \$15.00 to \$16.00 cows, \$14.00 to \$15.00 heifers, \$14.00 to \$15.00. \$16.00 to \$17.00 Texas steers and \$15.00 to \$16.00 calves.  
Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 10,000. Sales ranged at \$

## THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JANUARY 25, 1896.

## AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the  
principal places of amusement during the com-  
ing week:

**BOOLEY'S THEATRE.**  
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—  
Nat. C. Goodwin.

**SCHILLER THEATRE.**  
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—  
"The Wife."

**CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.**  
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—  
Adonis Dixey.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**  
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—  
Modjeska.

**MEVICKER'S THEATRE.**  
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—  
Frederic Bancroft.

**COLUMBIA THEATRE.**  
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—  
Della Fox Oper Co.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**  
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—  
"A Texas Steer."

**ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**  
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—  
The New "Peck's Bad Boy."

**HAYLIN'S THEATRE.**  
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—  
"The Span of Life."

**NATIONAL PANORAMA.**  
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of  
Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate  
the common enemy."—Henry Grattan.

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel  
Alone can make the English reel  
But wisdom working day by day  
Till comes the time for passion's sway  
The patient dist and powder shock  
Can blast an empire like a rock!"  
—Thomas Davis.

## A HINT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

City and country subscribers who have  
received their yearly bills will greatly oblige  
us by attending to them without  
delay. If they owed the butcher, the  
oaker, the candlestick maker, the law-  
yer, the doctor or the priest, they would  
hasten to pay him. Why not the editor?  
Hurry up, gentlemen, and get the weight  
of unnecessary indebtedness off your  
immortal souls.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY  
ARMY.

No country on earth has ever so de-  
cisively defeated, and so thoroughly  
humiliated England as America, and  
therefore her hatred of the United States  
has been and will be inveterate and un-  
dying. Time, which alleviates all pas-  
sions, has had no such effect on Eng-  
land's malignant heart. She cannot for-  
get that a handful of unwarlike colonists,  
called hastily from the plow, the anvil  
and the workshop, without commissary,  
ordnance or medical stores, badly  
armed, clothed and fed, led by officers  
whose zeal and patriotism far exceeded  
their education and experience waged a  
victorious seven years' war with Eng-  
land's bravest veterans disciplined  
and equipped in the most perfect man-  
ner, and commanded by men whose life  
work was the study and practice of the  
art of war. She cannot forget that after  
reinforcing her depleted ranks with  
brutal Hessians bought like cattle from  
their masters and driven to battle as to  
a slaughter house; after calling to her  
aid the red devils, paying them bounties  
for scalps torn from the lacerated heads  
of American women and children (some  
of these ghastly trophies can yet be seen  
in the inferno of the Tower of London);  
after letting loose these human fiends  
with scalping knife, tomahawk, fire and  
murder on peaceful settlements, after  
instigating them to perpetrate nameless  
crimes, known only to Indians and Eng-  
lishmen, after exhausting every means  
which cruel and hellish ingenuity could  
invent, England was beaten down on her  
knees, compelled to surrender at discre-  
tion, and finally to abandon every inch  
of soil claimed by the superb young Re-  
public which arose on the ruins of her  
detested rule. But she has far more  
bitter memories than these: she remem-  
bers and we remember how the immor-  
tal Irish Brigade, the heroes of a hun-  
dred battles with her and her allies,  
smashed her picked troops into atoms  
and trampled her felon flag into the  
bloody dust at Fontenoy. It is a matter  
of the most contemptuous indifference to  
us whether stupid old George II cursed  
the laws which deprived him of such  
subjects or not. We know that his  
curses were of no benefit to his kingdom,  
for in no less than a third of a century  
after Fontenoy nearly 2,000 soldiers of  
the same Brigade whose ranks were  
continually recruited from Ireland led  
by the gallant Count Arthur Dillon  
crossed the Atlantic with Rochambeau  
to meet again the ancient enemy, and  
after performing brilliant services for

American liberty were present at the  
ever memorable closing scene at York-  
town, when England laid down her  
broken sword and conquered banner at  
the feet of the Franco-American allies.

If it were possible for England to for-  
get all the above, here is something  
which will cling to her like the poisoned  
shirt of Nessus; it is taken from a rare  
old book which has lately come into our  
hands. This book was compiled by John  
R. Dillon in rather familiar name, the  
author of a history of Indiana, and is  
called "Notes of Historical Evidence of  
the Nature and Origin of the Govern-  
ment of the United States." On pages  
30 and 36 the following appears:

"Extracts from the examination of  
Joseph Galloway, Esq., late speaker of  
the house of assembly of Pennsylvania,  
before the (English) house of commons,  
in a committee on the 'American  
Papers'—Mr. Moutague in the chair—  
June 16, 1779.

"Question—How long have you lived  
in America?"

"Answer—I have lived in America  
from my nativity to the month of Octo-  
ber last, about forty-eight years.

"Question—At the beginning of the  
present rebellion, when the inhabitants  
took up arms, had the people in general  
independence in view?"

"Answer—I do not believe, from the  
best knowledge I have of the state of  
America at that time, that one-fifth of  
people had independence in view.

"Question—The part of the rebel  
army that enlisted in the service of the  
Congress, were they chiefly composed  
of natives of America, or were the  
greatest part of them English, Scotch or  
Irish?"

"Answer—The names and places of  
their nativity being taken down, I can  
answer the question with precision.  
There were scarcely one-fourth natives  
of America. About ONE-HALF WERE  
IRISH, and the other fourth were Eng-  
lish and Scotch."

We believe these important extracts  
have never appeared in any American  
newspaper, and they ought to be pre-  
served by our readers and flung in the  
face of any pro-British bigot who dares  
to question the splendid loyalty of our  
people to the American Republic. It  
was bitter enough for England to be  
driven out of America at the bayonet's  
point, but it was gall and wormwood to  
know that half of the army which did  
the driving were Irishmen, animated by  
the concentrated hatred of six hundred  
years; and if England dares to face  
America again in battle she will find  
that hatred as virile and vigorous as  
ever, and while half of the Revolution-  
ary army was Irish, seven-eighths of  
our army today would be of the same  
race! If Englishmen don't believe this  
assertion we invite them to come over  
and test its truth.

## DEATH OF FRANK LAWLER.

Ald. Frank Lawler, ex-congressman,  
died suddenly, as narrated on another  
page, Friday last week at his home  
in this city. Considering the exigencies  
that surrounded his early life, and the  
political environments of his maturer  
years, he was, in many respects, a re-  
markable man. Nature gave him a  
good heart, but malignant surround-  
ings often warped the better promptings  
of his nature, and caused him to utter  
sentiments that we have excellent reason  
to believe he soon bitterly regretted.  
While in politics what is commonly  
called a demagogue, no one can ques-  
tion the benevolence of his nature where  
the poor and needy were concerned. To  
them he was not a demagogue, but, in  
some sort, an idol. Frank Lawler was  
a strange product of American political  
and social conditions. His education  
was, to say the least of it, imperfect.  
Yet he could not be truthfully called an  
ignorant man, because he was well read  
on many of the leading subjects of the  
day. His mind was a singular com-  
bination of the practical and the erratic,  
the former predominating. As an alder-  
man he was the slave of an exacting con-  
stituency. As a congressman he carried  
a burden of "great expectations" that  
would have made the life of any other  
man not worth the living. He haunted  
the departments late and early, wrote let-  
ters indefatigably, and distributed seeds  
and pamphlets with equal impartiality.  
As a practical congressman—if trying to  
get his constituents whatever they  
asked from him, and their demands  
were neither few nor far between, meant  
to be practical—Frank Lawler had no  
rival in the past, and since civil service  
is now in the ascendant, may not have  
in the future.

Frank Lawler did us a wrong, for  
which, in a measure, he publicly apolo-  
gized. We are not of the kind who pur-  
sue a man in life—nor will we to, or be-  
yond, the grave. His errors, we fer-  
vently believe, were not his own. An  
emotional man, he was also impression-  
able, and, we think, meant well to his  
kind, but his surroundings were often  
deteriorating. Had he had the early ad-  
vantages which would have refined his  
character, Frank Lawler might have  
been a man whose memory would live  
beyond the passing generation. As it is,  
his worst enemy, if indeed he had an  
enemy capable of postmortem resent-  
ment, will acknowledge that Frank  
Lawler was a good citizen, in the sense  
of national patriotism; a good husband  
and an affectionate father. The CITIZEN,  
notwithstanding past differences, regrets  
his untimely removal from earthly  
scenes. Like the late Carter Harrison,  
he was more of a Chicago institution  
than a serious politician. Therefore,  
his imperfections will soon be forgotten,

while the memory of the good that was  
in him will not speedily pass away even  
in a generation pre-eminent for speedy  
forgetfulness.

Frank Lawler was not an orator. He  
was not a writer. Neither was he a  
scholar, nor a statesman; but he was, in-  
contestably, a man of the people—wrong-  
fully called the "common" people—who  
are every day becoming less "common,"  
and who, in the future, will demand  
larger mental calibre in their repre-  
sentatives. As a congressman, Frank  
Lawler would be impossible to a future  
generation of American constituents.  
As an alderman he was in a sphere that  
brought him nearer to the masses, and  
it is generally conceded that no munici-  
pal legislator exerted himself more con-  
scientiously to do good to the people  
who placed him in power.

In conclusion, we can only say, as John  
Mitchell said of a much more historic  
personage, "May the great God, who  
knew how to mould so wonderful a  
creature, have mercy on his soul."

ENGLAND'S ISOLATION—IRELAND'S  
OPPORTUNITY.

The Venezuelan episode has been tem-  
porarily overshadowed by the bold, out-  
spoken language of the German Em-  
peror, whose manly policy of support-  
ing the Transvaal Republic against Eng-  
lish aggression has evoked the enthusi-  
astic applause of the most antagonistic  
elements in his Empire. He does not  
propose to waste reams of paper in  
writing drowsy protocols while England  
is preparing to push on her conquests in  
Africa. He uses no diplomatic duplicity  
in his correspondence, but in plain, un-  
mistakable words he notifies Salisbury  
that there must be no further advances  
in the Transvaal. The following Berlin  
dispatch shows plainly the strained re-  
lations between the two governments:

"The Emperor's act in sending a mes-  
sage to President Krueger of the South  
African Republic congratulating him  
upon the victory of the Boers over the  
armed force led into the Transvaal by  
Dr. Jameson, administrator of the Brit-  
ish South Africa Company, is hailed  
with enthusiasm throughout Germany  
and will greatly add to his majesty's  
popularity. Some days prior to the pub-  
lication of the message, the Emperor in-  
structed Count Von Hatzfeldt, the Ger-  
man ambassador to Great Britain, to  
inform Lord Salisbury with the utmost  
frankness that it was the firm determi-  
nation of Germany not to allow the gov-  
ernment of the South African Republic  
to be overthrown. At the same time  
Count Von Hatzfeldt was instructed to  
demand an explanation of the move-  
ments of the authorities of the British  
South Africa Company. These repre-  
sentations were immediately answered  
by the British foreign office. The first  
replies made by Lord Salisbury were  
deemed unsatisfactory, so much so, in-  
deed, that the relations of the two gov-  
ernments became so strained as to be on  
the point of absolute rupture. The con-  
sequence was that a diplomatic surren-  
der on the part of Lord Salisbury was  
the only thing that averted the gravest  
climax. Even now, although the situa-  
tion is modified, it is not devoid of dan-  
ger, and the summaries of the comments  
of the English press upon the Emperor's  
interference in the Transvaal affair,  
which are published here, serve to  
heighten the popular anger against Eng-  
land, while the anti-English feeling per-  
vades all classes of the German press.  
The sum of the position is that Great  
Britain must withdraw her pretensions  
to a right to interfere in the Transvaal  
and punish the leaders of the British  
South Africa Company who are respon-  
sible for the invasion of the Boer terri-  
tory, or she will inevitably become in-  
volved in a collision with Germany."

England is not accustomed to this  
kind of diplomatic courtesy. It is not  
polite to inform the ex-Queen of the Sea  
"that Germany will not allow the South  
African Republic to be overthrown,"  
nor to "demand an explanation of the  
movements of the British South Africa  
Company." It is very evident that the  
Kaiser does not believe the mendacious  
disavowals of Judas Chamberlain, and  
does not hesitate to say so. Whereupon  
there is much virtuous indignation in  
England, and Victoria's undutiful  
grandson is politely told that he is "a  
puppy" and "an ugly dirty duck;" the  
London radical federation demands the  
immediate removal of the Emperor's  
name from the British army and navy  
lists, and worse than all the Kaiser's  
effigy is said to have been burned by  
the officers of the regiment of which he  
is honorary colonel. By the beards of  
all the Hohenzollerns this is too much to  
be borne, and the Count Von Hatzfeldt  
Wildenburg demands a satisfactory  
explanation of the incendiary deed.  
Now is the time for the great Briton  
to put on his war-paint, defy the "puppy  
Emperor" and vindicate his tainted  
honor, but he does nothing of the kind.  
The London Saturday Review gives pru-  
dent advice: "In view of our enemies  
on the continent, Lord Salisbury must  
yield. It is better to eat a deal of home  
crow than any foreign dirt." This ad-  
vice is as unsavory as the crow itself,  
but the terrible Salisbury proceeds to  
eat both the crow and the dirt. The  
wires are kept hot denying that there  
was any burning in effigy, and making  
diplomatic surrenders. In the mean-  
time Chamberlain is on his knees beg-  
ging President Krueger to be merciful  
to Jameson and his brother pirates.

It can hardly be believed that the  
wicked Continental powers would be  
envious enough to enjoy these hysteri-  
cal convulsions of their innocent insular

brother. But this is a censorious world.  
No nation's character is safe from as-  
sault when England is assailed, and in-  
stead of permitting her to prove an  
alibi and receive a verdict of "not  
proven," these cruel enemies are enter-  
ing into an alliance against her. Mos-  
cow, Sedan and Alsace-Lorraine are  
forgotten, and France, Russia and Ger-  
many are about to unite against the  
world. A London dispatch of recent  
date reads: "A special from Berlin says  
Russia's co-operation with Germany in  
the Transvaal matter has been assured,  
and France will act with Russia. This  
apparently tends to confirm the report  
of an anti-British alliance, and that the  
action of Emperor William towards the  
Boer Republic was a thoroughly weighed  
step."

A few weeks ago we were sneered at  
by certain West British organs for ad-  
vising our people to abandon the slavish  
methods of the parliamentary agitator,  
and revive the policy of Tone and  
Emmet. We were told that England  
was so powerful as to be almost im-  
pregnable, that she was in no danger of  
a foreign war, and that Ireland had  
better remain on her knees before the  
alien's throne than arise and assert her  
right to independence. Those few weeks  
pass away, England is detected in two  
acts of petty larceny, and lo! the whole  
civilized world is up in arms against  
her. She stands abhorred and alone,  
without one faithful friend on earth, and  
we reiterate our oft repeated advice to  
our countrymen here and at home to  
prepare for the long deferred struggle.  
England may be at war in a year or in  
ten years, but when that time comes let  
us be ready to be in at the death of the  
enemy.

## ANOTHER ANGLO-AMERICAN ASS.

The New York Daily Press newspaper  
of recent date says: "There is just one  
possible condition—maybe it can be  
called an impending condition—which  
would cause the United States to depart  
from their historic policy of non-inter-  
vention in the affairs of Europe. That  
is a concert of the great Continental  
powers against England. We may have  
our differences with England. There may,  
in fact there is, a certain constitu-  
tional antipathy between Americans and  
Englishmen. It is always easier to quar-  
rel with your brother than with anybody  
else, because you expect more of him  
than of others and have a better right  
to feel aggrieved when he wounds your  
sensibilities or seeks to encroach on  
your rights and possessions. But, after  
all, the English are our people, and we  
are theirs. They are a magnificent force  
for liberty and civilization. And the  
Absolutist who thinks he can arrange an  
alliance to humiliate and break down  
the influence of England should consider  
the resources, not of England only, but  
of the United States as well, before he  
performs an act of war. His triumph  
will not occur until he has exhausted  
them both, and that will happen—never.  
If Germany wants to fight England, why  
let her. But France and Russia should  
keep out of it—Russia especially. Every  
human interest is involved in the de-  
velopment of Anglo-Saxon civilization,  
and however vital to that cause we may  
think our own position and influence to  
be, England's are not less. Her cause  
at bay, confronting the continent of Eu-  
rope, would become the cause of human  
liberty and free government."

It would seem from the above that the  
British Mugs, have gained another re-  
cruit. Certainly no more lying, slavish  
adulation of our only enemy could  
emanate from the New York Post or  
the London Times. It is not neces-  
sary for the editor of the Press to quar-  
rel with his English brothers, but when  
he modestly undertakes to tender the  
services of the American people to fight  
for their natural foe we enter our pro-  
test. In a war between England and  
France, Russia and Germany, the Brit-  
ish snob of the Press would speedily  
learn that the Germans and Irish, who,  
with their descendants, form at least  
three-fourths of our entire population,  
would be to a man against the British.  
They would very decisively declare that  
the English are not our people, nor are  
we theirs. If the Anglo-Saxons of the  
United States doubt this let them en-  
courage England to put the question to  
the test, and both they and their mis-  
tress the English queen will learn to  
their cost how rotten a stick she would  
lean on. In his haste to declare his  
allegiance to England the Press man  
classes republican France as an Absolu-  
tist, and he says there must be no  
Absolutist concert. It will be well for  
the three great powers to heed this  
protest regarding their alliance against  
England, by the New York Post,  
the Don Quixote of the Press and the  
effeminate dudes of Fifth avenue. If  
these tremendous warriors unite with  
Tommy Atkins the contest would not  
long be doubtful. These grizzly veter-  
ans, who threaten to drown even the  
admonitions of "the farewell address,"  
who airily waive aside the services of  
France in the Revolution and the  
friendship of Russia during the Rebel-  
lion, and espouse the cause of England,  
who, from 1776 till the present day has  
been our bitter, malignant enemy, have  
reckoned without their host when they  
dare to speak for the American people  
who are now anxiously awaiting the day  
when they can again and finally lower  
England's pride and trample her flag in  
the dust. These slight changes would  
make the following from the "British  
Press" read truthfully:

"The voice of joy (wrath) that would  
go up from these American States when

it appeared that three such powers were  
in league to destroy the British Empire  
would drown (even the admonitions of  
the farewell address) the disloyal mut-  
terings of the A.P.A.s, the Irish Orange-  
men, the British Americans, the New  
York Post and the New York Press." Upon  
the explosion of one hostile shell in  
New York they would hasten to seek  
the protection of the British consul.

## A BRAZEN ENGLISHMAN.

The John Bull who wrote the sub-  
joined letter to the Times-Herald last  
week has, at least, the merit of being  
honest. In our opinion he voices the  
sentiment of the English nation. Of  
course, he is all wrong about our  
"Anglo-Saxon" origin and other mat-  
ters, but he knows what he is talking  
about when he defends England's high-  
way robbery system. But he impudently  
tries to fasten highway robbery on us  
also. 'Tis true the Southern slave own-  
ers forced us into war with Mexico, in  
order to extend the operations of slav-  
ery, and it is equally true that we forced  
our sister republic to yield up to us a  
large slice of what rightfully belonged  
to her. The American nation, however,  
was by no means united on the question  
of the Mexican war. Had the free North  
been in control of our government it  
would not have occurred. Was there  
not a United States statesman found  
bold enough to declare in the legislative  
hall at Washington that "were he a  
Mexican, as he was an American, he  
would welcome the invaders of his coun-  
try with bloody hands to hospitable  
graves?" As the seizure, or compulsory  
purchase, of Mexican territory by our  
government has resulted in lasting benefit  
to both countries, there is now no  
need to question or disturb our title,  
but no honest American will claim that  
we were right in exacting such a heavy  
penalty from a weaker neighbor. That  
is the radical difference between the  
American and the English character.  
The American will acknowledge his  
error, and be sorry for it—the English-  
man never. As to our greatest presi-  
dents being of English (Anglo-Saxon)  
descent, that is all fudge. Washington  
(De Wesseyngton) was a French-Nor-  
man; Jefferson was a Welsh Celt; Mon-  
roe was a Scotch Celt; Jackson was an  
Irish Celt; Van Buren was a Dutchman  
by origin; Polk (Pollock) was a Scotch  
Celt; Buchanan was a Scotch Celt;  
Abraham Lincoln had the blood of the  
Neills, or O'Neills, in his veins. Grant  
was a Scotch Celt, with an Irish Celt,  
Miss Kelly, for his grandmother.  
Arthur was an Irish Celt, and Grover  
Cleveland also had an Irish grand-  
mother. What an impudent, assuming  
fellow your genuine John Bull is! But  
here is his letter to the Times-Herald:

"Chicago, Jan. 16.—Americans have  
been so trained to look upon England as  
their hereditary enemy, that they seem  
to take a mad delight in anything that  
tends to lower her prestige or her power.  
Now, to my way of thinking, this is  
altogether illogical and unjust. No mat-  
ter how Americans may protest and ex-  
plain the matter away, England is their  
motherland. To this day Americans are  
flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone.  
In fact, the United States is England  
transplanted to this side of the Atlantic.  
Instead of Americans being inclined to  
repudiate their ancestry they ought to  
be proud to belong to the race whose  
home is a little island and whose power  
is felt in every part of the globe. Eng-  
land is a robber nation, of course, as all  
nations are. The nation that has not  
been founded on robbery has yet to be  
discovered. England stole the North  
American continent and thereby laid the  
foundation stone of this 'greatest re-  
public on earth.' And what is more,  
Americans are still carrying out her  
Jovian policy of dispossessing weaker  
races to make room for stronger in ac-  
cordance with the inflexible law that the  
unfit must not survive. Have Ameri-  
cans not hunted the red man toward the  
setting sun in order that his tribal lands  
may grow cheap wheat for Europe's  
hungry millions? Have Americans not  
annexed California, Utah, Texas by  
methods in all respects on a par with  
the operations of the British colonizing  
swarms in South Africa, Australia and  
Venezuela? Why then should Ameri-  
cans be so insanely jealous because Eng-  
land is still virile and vigorous enough  
to pursue the same predatory policy  
right around the world? England, in-  
deed, must aggrandize or die. She has  
no real choice. What have Americans  
to fear if, in this nineteenth century,  
English emigrants pour into South  
America, turn its wildest wilds into a  
garden, impose law and order upon its  
degenerate anarchic sons and build up  
on the banks of the Amazon another  
Anglo-Saxon republic as great and as  
mighty and as progressive as the one  
they have already built on the alluvial  
banks of the Mississippi?"

In England the population is as  
dense as a beehive and all the external  
pressure in the world short of annihila-  
tion would not serve to keep these  
hereditary vikings and freebooters  
cooped up in their island nest. As long  
as the blood of the old Norse pirates  
runs in their veins they will be wander-  
ers and conquerors and colonizers. Such  
action is in harmony with the nature of  
things. Today they possess the Dutch  
colony of Guiana in South America as  
in the last century they possessed New  
York. New York was settled by the  
Dutch and only for the 'greed' of Eng-  
lishmen every American might today  
have been talking Dutch, French, or  
Portuguese.

"As for the war of independence, it,

perhaps, might never have been fought  
if George III had not been as mad as a  
March hare. Anyhow, one-half of the  
English nation sympathized with Wash-  
ington and some of the greatest orations  
in favor of liberty and right were at  
that time spoken in the English parlia-  
ment. As for Washington, was he not  
an English officer and the descendant of  
an English cavalier? To this day there  
is hardly a ruling family in America  
that has not English blood in its veins.  
Almost all our best presidents and gen-  
erals have been of English descent.  
Finally, I say, that it is the highest com-  
pliment that can be paid to England to  
call her 'a robber nation.' Is it not bet-  
ter and nobler to be robbers than to be  
robbed? I say that it is honorable to the  
Anglo-Saxon breed, that they are able  
to rob—to spread themselves out over  
the waste places of the earth—to in-  
crease and multiply, to rule and to  
reign.

"Instead of the American branch of  
this old imperial stock antagonizing the  
efforts of English statesmen to 'grab all  
they can' and colonize it, we should  
rather join in it at the world-wide game  
and get our full share of the plunder  
that is to be had for the taking. There  
is Mexico for example, with its rich soil,  
its gold, silver, iron, coal, wood and  
lumber. Why should Americans not  
annex it, and exploit its vast wealth with  
American labor and American capital?  
Why? The Mexicans are (judging from  
results) an unfit race and therefore they  
should be swept aside without pity to  
make room for better men.

## AN ENGLISHMAN."

MR. FINERTY left the city Tuesday to  
fulfill lecture engagements in the South,  
and will return to Chicago on Wednes-  
day, Feb. 5. He will write editorials for  
THE CITIZEN as usual while absent.

DIAMOND stars and ruby studs were  
given to two deputy sheriffs last Satur-  
day. The fortunate men were Messrs.  
P. J. Cahill and W. R. Cleveland. Mr.  
Cahill, who received a handsome gold  
star with a big diamond in the centre,  
has been in charge of the civil courts  
for nearly seventeen years. On the back  
of the star is this inscription: "Presented  
by the Sheriff's staff to P. J. Cahill,  
Jan. 18, 1896, as a token of their esteem  
and affection."

If our ancestors had buried the first  
forty (Norman) thieves who landed in  
Ireland and kept on interring their fol-  
lowers for a few years, as the Boers have  
done, what "ages of bondage and slaugh-  
ter" they would have spared their  
children, but—

There's a good time coming, boys; wait a little  
longer.  
—and while you are waiting prepare for  
battle. The day will come sooner than  
you expect.

THE annual election of the Columbian  
Club was held on Tuesday last. The  
contest was spirited but in every way  
friendly, and a large vote was polled.  
The successful ticket was as follows:  
For president, Daniel B. Scully; vice-  
president, James J. Kelly; second vice-  
president, John P. Lauth; secretary,  
Frank J. Mulcahy; treasurer, Henry R.  
Eagle; for directors, David F. Bremner,  
Zenophile P. Brosseau, Michael W. Phalen,  
Matthias Benner, J. Ward Amberg,  
Edward Long. The annual reports of  
the retiring officers read at the annual  
meeting showed a satisfactory and prosper-  
ous year for the club, and the start  
on the new year is made with bright  
prospects for future success. The amend-  
ments raising the dues to \$50 per annum  
and confining the resident membership  
list to the city of Chicago were carried.

## T. P. O'CONNOR EXPLAINS.

A special cable message from London  
to the New York World, regarding the  
paragraph which appeared in the London  
Sun, Mr. T. P. O'Connor's paper,  
suggesting that the Southern States  
would not aid the government in case  
of war with England, gives the follow-  
ing explanation from Mr. O'Connor:

"My attention has been called by let-  
ters and extracts from American news-  
papers to a passage in a leading article  
in the Sun, which has been cabled to  
America, suggesting that the Southern  
States would not join those of the North  
in case of a war with Great Britain. I  
was absent from London for some days  
during the heat of the controversy and  
did not even see the passage which has  
been attributed to my pen until it had  
been sent back to me from America. If  
I had seen the extract I would not have  
permitted its appearance, as it is not  
only entirely contrary to my own knowl-  
edge of American sentiment, but also  
calculated to wound American feeling,  
and is in direct conflict with general  
instructions which I gave as to the  
friendliness and courtesy of the attitude  
of my paper to the United States.

"My views with regard to the deplora-  
ble misunderstanding between the  
United States and Great Britain are set  
forth in my own words in the issues of  
the Weekly Sun for Dec. 22 and 23, 1895,  
and Jan. 5, 1896. These articles, while  
condemning war between the two great  
countries as unnecessary, and therefore  
a crime against them and against civil-  
ization, advocated the utmost concession  
compatible with honor by the govern-  
ment of Great Britain to the govern-  
ment of the United States. Further-  
more, instead of taking the view in the  
extract attributed to me, I strenuously  
warned the statesmen of England that  
in defending the Monroe doctrine Mr.  
Cleveland had beside him the united  
American people.

"I have had to make it a rule to re-  
fuse answering personal attacks, but it  
would be unbecoming in me to allow  
my friends in the United States to be  
misled by an incorrect statement into a  
belief that the respect and warm affec-  
tion I have always entertained and so  
often expressed for the institutions and  
people of the United States has changed  
or abated."

FOR THE CITIZEN.

## WELCOME THE BATTLE.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

The oppressors and despots who cumber the world  
Are leagued for oppression—'gainst freedom combin'd—  
The tyrants for plunder their flags have unfurl'd  
And their bloodhounds unleash'd 'gainst the rights of mankind.

Let freemen remember that liberty comes  
In the blaze of the battle—the clashing of arms—  
The blare of the trumpet—the wild roll of drums—  
'Tis the thunder of cannon the tyrant alarms!

Yes! liberty comes where the sorried ranks close  
With patriots equipped with the rifle and brand—  
Where freemen aroused dash on freedom's base foes—  
Resisting the tyrant! defending the land!

Where manhood arises—each man for himself  
To strike for his country—home—altars and fires—  
'Gainst the vile knaves of rapine and pillage and pelf—  
For the land of his love! for the graves of his sires!

The patriot must learn that to yield up his life  
For his wife or his children—for country or clan—  
That to fall in the battle—to die in the strife—  
Adds just one martyr more in the struggle for man.

Oh! what is a life worth if ground like a slave  
In the land of your fathers 'neath alien control?  
Rather welcome the battlefield—welcome the grave!  
For no tyrant—no despot can fether the soul!

Then welcome the trumpet's sound! welcome the call  
To battle where patriots are arm'd for the fight:  
In the cause of mankind it is better to fall  
Than live among serfs mid the minions of might.

Yes! welcome the combat—the struggle—the flash  
Of the cannon—the mortar—the battle's wild roar—  
Where patriot swords in the dread melee clash  
With the arms of the tyrants of mount and shore.

The right must succeed and fell tyranny fall  
To shackle the world—to oppress—to enslave—  
The despots, base hordes before freemen must quail  
And success crown the arms of the true and the brave.

## IRELAND IN AMERICA.

The following, from a late issue of Reynolds' Newspaper, a journal published in London, and which has an enormous circulation among the masses of the English people, will be interesting reading for those who profess to believe that Irishmen would render aid to England in case of war:

"That self-constituted agent of peace, Mr. Pulitzer, the proprietor of the New York World, cabled over to many prominent political and religious leaders in England, asking for some helpful word which might aid in clearing up a disagreeable situation. Among others to whom his message came was Mr. J. E. Redmond, who immediately sent back a dispatch of by no means a peaceful character. If war comes, said Mr. Redmond, Irish sympathies would be absolutely on the American side, since Englishmen refuse to Ireland the right of national self-government. No one can doubt that these words of Mr. Redmond will find an echo wherever, all the world over, the Irish Celt is to be found. We need not, and we do not, attach to Mr. Redmond's personality any particular importance; but in saying this there can be little doubt that he utters a general Irish sentiment. Now, we cannot afford to ignore such a manifestation of feeling. It is not our business to consider whether it is rational or just; we have to deal with it as a fact. Months ago we called attention to the effect the Irish agitation might have on American elections, and Mr. Redmond's cable message confirms all that we then said. It seems a rather trite platitude to utter that wrong-doing always brings its evil reward; but trite platitudes must be uttered until men understand and act upon them. We have sown—or our ancestors, it matters not which for the purposes of argument—dragons' teeth in Ireland, and they have sprung up armed men, not so much in Ireland itself as all over the world, wherever an Irishman is to be found. This is especially true of America, whither Irishmen have gone, driven forth from their native soil by famine, the direct outcome of English laws. New York City contains more Irishmen than Dublin; Boston contains more than Cork. And wherever you go over the enormous distances of the United States you find an Irish encampment, with men and women 'saining bitter memories of England

and English rule, derived, it may be, from personal experience or else from the stories of oppression told by parents at the fireside.

"There are today probably from six to seven millions of Irish-Americans, and nine-tenths of them are the bitter enemies of England, so long as England refuses to concede self-government to the Irish nation. It is not only true, therefore, as Mr. Redmond says, that in Ireland itself the people would be American in sympathy in the case of an Anglo-American war; but the more serious fact to be faced is that the greater Ireland beyond the sea would also count it a source almost of positive delight to be able to retaliate on England for the wrongs committed under England's sanction in their old native home. Again, we say, this may be utterly irrational, but it is a fact which will have to be faced. The young Irish manhood, vigorous and alert, which literally swarms in the American cities from Maine to California, would rouse itself with enthusiasm for the sake of striking some blow at England. Now we persistently refuse to believe in war coming out of this present dispute. We cannot imagine it possible; we feel certain that both governments will yield and concede, in view of the overwhelming public opinion in favor of peace. But, all the same, the bad feeling which has been roused is not likely to subside, the more so as England is unpopular as a power in America, even with those who deprecate any quarrel at present. America is not unlikely to largely increase her armaments, to adopt a more vigorous policy, and perhaps to strike at Canada at some time when England is deeply involved in some European controversy and completely isolated.

"The very ugly outlook will be rendered all the uglier for England by the presence of twelve millions of Irish enemies on this side of the Atlantic and on the other, all eager to render aid to America in striking at England. Let our people ponder over these facts. Talk talk is no use. Boasting that we will never give in to Irish demands is no use, for we may be compelled to, especially as we cannot feed ourselves, but are dependent for the very bread we eat, and the cotton and wool that we spin, on ships that come over the sea and which would have to run the gauntlet of hostile cruisers and privateers. 'Facts are chieftains that wanna ding and darra be disputed,' says Robert Burns, and boasts of no surrender are very poor armor against facts of the kind which this Anglo-American dispute has revealed. Every man has his Achilles-heel, and so has every nation; and, in a peculiar degree, Ireland is the Achilles-heel of Great Britain. Is it not folly to persist in making enemies of millions of people by denying their national rights?"

## GAELIC POETRY.

Agallamh Oilean agus Phadrige.

Cath Chnole an Air, ann so sios mar leanas.

[Is é fáth an chatha so ionas go siontúighe do bhí an Rígh Gréag. J. Gartha mac Doilair, agus is é fáth an di Neamhuadherbach. Do bhí an inghion sin ar ailsneacht d'á bh-faca sóil daoncha agus tháinig fear d'á bh-combáin. Tais mac Tréan d'á bh-lairdair mhánuil agus fuair toll a h-athar, óir níor léig eagla d'á dhíallamh; gídhadh be mhóran t-eatúalaid do mhánuil ar bhis a phléadh mar do bhí delbh leantach air mar do gheabhair a thuaras-bháil 'an laoidh, d'á bhghrá sin do chuir sé fá gheasailbh é gan a púadh go ceann bliadhna go g-cuartaighthead an domhan no go bh-fágghadh iáoch eigin do dhéanfadh cómharc ara son. Ann sin do ghlusais an diis agus níor fhág siad tír no oileán san domhan gan cuartaighthead i n-dóchas go bh-fágghadh iáoch eigin do dhéanfadh cómharc agus do dhíallaitheadar uile i. Ann sin do thriall go h-Eirinn an bh-Feinn agus is é ait a rálbh siad an tan sin ar bhuach na Siounaine i g-condae Chiarraigh, lámh le Cnoc an Air agus ar rochtan na Féinne di d'innis a séal ó thús go deireadh, agus gabhas cómharc na Féinne. D'siontúigh siad an cómharc sin d'fhrithéolamh. Tháinig a fear a bhí chuga agus iarras cómharc ara agus tuillidís de g-cad diobh leis agus fá dheogh do thuit féin le h-Oscar mac Oilein i g-cath chnole agus do thuit Nuamh le tomad bróin i g-ceann an t-síogh marbh.]

Oilein.

Do bhíomairne an Fuinn uile a's Fionn  
In-ár g-combthionól air an g-cnoc,  
Ag fuair ar g-easlaibh iáith  
Go h-aoibhinn sóghach ián do shuit.

Clothracht dóinn amháil sin,  
Adubhairt draoidh Teamhrach le nos liun,  
'Is éagal liom, a Phinn na bh-Fiann,  
Nach fáth an rian gur d'olligh díbh."

"Creid fáth anois," do rádh Fionn,  
'Le a d-tuigear leat ar agus dubhrón:  
Ní bh-fuill anois iáoch faoi'n ngréin  
Ná fuill 'san bh-Feinn seasana lea."

"Creid uaimse, a Phinn chruadh lian,  
Go bh-fuill an t-ár t-ngoilead díbh,  
Feuch na méia fola dí,  
Ag bagairt dábhach is dearbh lian."

D'fhach Fionn ós a cheann suas,  
Do chonnair tuar foia go tréar:  
'Is éagal liom, 'do rádh go truaigh,  
'Go d-tiocfaidh arguas ar an bh-Feinn."

Do ghlaoth sé do lathair Oscar,  
A's dubhairt, "a churadh na lian n-gear,  
Is eubhe dhuil bheith ad' dhraoidh,  
Feuch ar abiomanna an aedhíh."

"A Rígh na bh-Fiann," do rádh Oscar,  
'Na glao bhog na anmhion thrú,  
Atá neart a's léth ad' gheaghaibh  
Is mór sinigh treau-mhór le do thaoibh."

Do chathasmar uile an Fuinn  
Sealad ag grian-amhar na neál;  
Do bhí euid agáin go sígach,  
A's dream eile go díbhach i n-gné.

Do labhair Conán do ghuith ad'  
'S is é do rádh go borbh tréar.  
'Ní bh-fuill neach d'ár aistrigh gnaoidh  
Admhuighin fíor acht meach d'feug."

(LE BREITH LEANTA.)

DIV. 2. A. O. H.

It is encouraging to see that the members of Div. 2 are working to increase their ranks, and we trust they will not forget the value of perseverance in their efforts to build up a representative division. Much of the success of all societies depends on the officers, and they should never forget the responsibility nor the dignity of their respective offices. It takes long, hard, earnest work to get to the top, and inexperience does not simplify matters, but we hope that the members of Div. 2 will work steadily and earnestly as they have been doing, and then all things will seem easy, though, of course, it always takes some time to get the transaction of business down to a system, but after that the meetings are more interesting and can be conducted in quicker time. It is

very advisable in the cases of new divisions that their officers visit older divisions at their meetings and thereby gain much knowledge and instruction, which will be of great value and assistance to them. Also, too, the members of old divisions should attend the meetings of their younger brothers and give all the advice and support they can. County Financial Secretary J. J. Lamb has attended almost every meeting of Div. 2, and always gives a very valuable talk at the meetings, the good effects of which are well appreciated. At the last meeting the committee appointed to draw up resolutions of sympathy and condolence with Bro. W. J. Doherty, of Div. 2, A. O. H., hereby tender to Bro. W. J. Doherty our sincerest sympathy and most heartfelt sorrow for the irreparable loss recently sustained by him through the death of his wife.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

## FAUGH-A-BALLAGH.

BY WILLIAM J. DAWSON.

"Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's goin' round?"  
Beside the Stars and Stripes again, the Green flag will be found;  
My bouchal bhan, my pulses sing, like wedding bells, with joy,  
To have a fray in our own day like that at Fontenoy.

The hour will come, with bane of drum,  
To face the Union Jack.  
Be gob, we'll fling it's tatters on the red-coats flyin' thrack.  
And the waves that lap this continent will clap their hands in glee  
That the bully of all nations to our flag must bend his knee.

There's an orphan, Venezuela, a foreigner (by th' name),  
That the English tries to cripple, and her spirit proud to tame.  
But our President, God bless him, puts out his mighty fist  
And tells John Bull he'll thrash him; on fair play he will insist.

Now, if John Bull goes gorin' Venezuela 'till she'll cry,  
You bet there will be trouble, and the fur will surely fly;  
And those sons of Judas, multiplied, that's called the A.P.A.;  
Will flock like homing pigeons to the land of Canada.

And if you find them, Pat, my boy, upon the field of war,  
The ensign they will follow will have naryther stripes nor star;  
The hands that scattered wide the seed of bigotry's dark weeds,  
Will stab the heart of Uncle Sam when from ev'ry pore he bleeds.

But Irishmen, who treasure the haven to them given,  
When every hope was cursed, or crushed beneath the bending heaven,  
Will leap with glad tumultuous cry at sound of war's alarms,  
Like crested waves before the storm, when swells the call "To Arms!"

Oh Paddy! think, the bloody score we keep of England's debt,  
The centuries long, of wrath and wrong, that may be balanced yet;  
And every brutal crime of hers, of greed and lust of power,  
The God of battles may grant us to punish in one hour.

Oh! 'twould make my poor old father just turn within his grave  
At the shout of "Faugh-a-Ballagh," in the brunt of battle brave,  
And the crumbled dust of Irish hearts, on every foreign strand  
Would thrill as if an earthquake at midnight shook the land.

The purty smile will be upon Columbia's rosy mouth,  
Her eyes, like morning stars will gleam as she looks from North to South,  
And see the boys who fought with Grant, and those who followed Lee  
United stand throughout the land, to fight for liberty!

And in that hour of victory—be sure that hour is nigh—  
When higher floats the Stars and Stripes in Fame's enduring sky,  
One sprig of Green, she'll place amid the laurels on her head,  
For those who fought in Ireland's name, the living and the dead.

## How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WEST & TRIMAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c, per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

## STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

White Star Line.

The Germanic arrived at New York Jan. 16 at 9 a.m.  
The Britannic arrived at Queenstown Jan. 16 at 6.30 a.m.

The Cunard Line.

The Etruria arrived at Queenstown Jan. 17 at 8 p.m.  
The Servia arrived at New York on Jan. 19.

For the new Irish National Alliance Lapel Button, write to JOHN BEEGAN, 226 South Halsted street, Chicago.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Citizen assumes no responsibility for the sentiments of correspondents.]

Father O'Mahony's Views.

[To the Editor.]

HAVANA, Ill., Jan. 17.—There are many patriotic Americans who would deprecate a war with any nation at present, because as a nation we are not sufficiently prepared to be sure of success. If this is so, the fault is our own, and in my humble opinion it lies with the majority who have been voting free trade, and so crippled our manufacturing and laboring industries that now there is no demand among ourselves for farm produce. The money has mostly gone to foreign countries. I suppose President Cleveland is sincere in the contention about Venezuela, but his policy, which has been brought not only the government but even individual citizens to the verge of bankruptcy, was a mighty poor preparation for a war to uphold the Monroe doctrine; nay, it is even dangerous to our liberty. Thus far I have written with the good intention of benefiting my Democratic friends, the rest is more particularly for the men of the Irish National Alliance.

It is probable that in our lifetime England will be entangled in some large war. Be sure that you are prepared to go into it with a fair hope of success. The farce of appealing to England in favor of the Armenians should never have been put upon the boards. England could not face the terrible Turk, because it would be good-bye India; and she would not if she could. In this century the English Times pictured us Irish "as worse than Hottentots." In the case of the Turks we must consider who does the painting. The illustrious English nation is not Christian, it only professes to be, nor does it believe in God at all. "Thou shalt kill. Thou shalt commit adultery. Thou shalt steal to be strong for more killing, and have wealth to purchase more prostitution." These are the commandments that nation observes and faithfully obeys. Their flag is red, like the flames of hell, a beastly lion is their symbol, and another beast some fabled unicorn that only a Briton's mind could conceive. They ought to add a bull as a symbol of British bravery. That Judas steer from the Stock Yards in Chicago would make an appropriate picture for the revised flag of England. Yes, Englishmen are brave, but it is the bravery of a bull. Yes, Englishmen are enlightened, they brought civilization into Ireland; so much so that this very day the English garrison towns in Ireland are modern Sodoms and Gomorrah. A rain of fire from the guns of the Irish National Alliance will some day come upon them. "Remember Mitchelstown," yes, indeed, the neighboring farmers sold out willingly to the English government "a range for artillery practice," and the town went wild with joy to get the red-coats. Yes, indeed, if ever we can get there we will remember the "artillery range," and the girls that were wooed long ago. The English is truly an illustrious nation, that has brought enlightenment to our minds, and made our "Island of Saints" a most enjoyable resort for John Bull Bealzebub. Like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, goeth he about, whom we Irish have resisted strongly to the death. So may it always be. Now the world is convinced at last that the Irish are right to detest England's government of their beloved lunisail, and England has not a friend among the nations. May we in our day be granted the God given grace and privilege of being useful to the Almighty in avenging the blood of our slaughtered poor that cries to Heaven for vengeance. May we be courageous in preparing to take manly part in the deliverance of Ireland from the slavery of the brutal British yoke, and may God defend the right. BERNARD EMMET O'MAHONY.

## THE HENRY MCCANN FUND.

The following subscriptions to the Henry McCann fund were received by Mr. Patrick Kane after the closing of the fund on Thursday of last week:  
John O'Mahoney Club.....\$10 00  
Thomas Kavanagh.....1 00  
Previously acknowledged.....310 10  
Total.....\$321 10

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H. R. EAGLE

70 WABASH AVENUE.

We will tear things to pieces this week. If you don't believe it come and see the store.

3-lb cans Hine's Table Peaches, per can..... 8 cents  
Assorted Brands of Shrimps, per can..... 12 cents  
1-lb can Cove Oysters..... 5 cents  
Choice Succotash, per can..... 5 cents  
Deviled and Potted Tongue, per can..... 5 cents  
2-lb cans Corn Beef, per can..... 14 cents  
3-lb cans Columbia Soups, per can..... 10 cents  
3-lb cans "Celine" Tomatoes, per can..... 41 cents  
3-lb cans "Hoosier" Standard Tomatoes, per can..... 54 cents  
2-lb cans Hamburg Early June Peas, per can..... 8 cents  
French Peas, Imported, per can..... 8 cents  
Good Butterine, it's better and cheaper than butter, per lb..... 8 cents  
Half pint bottle Sewing Machine Oil..... 9 cents  
10-lb box Vermicelli or German Egg Noodles..... 39 cents  
Half pint bottle Home-Made Catsup..... 5 cents  
Fresh Ginger Snaps, per lb..... 4 cents  
12 cakes Toilet Soap for..... 15 cents  
Good Mixed Candy, per lb..... 4 cents  
Pint bottles Spiced Mixed Pickles or Chow Chow, per bottle..... 5 cents  
Pint bottles Chili Sauce, per bottle..... 5 cents  
3-lb cans Table Apples, per can..... 44 cents

Pillsbury's Best XXXX Patent Flour..... PER BRL.  
Washburn, Crosby & Co.'s Superlative Patent Flour.....  
H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour..... \$3.59  
Ceresota Minnesota Patent Flour.....

California Evaporated Peas, 25 lbs in box, 89 cents; smaller quantities, per lb..... 5 cents  
California Prunes, 25 lbs in box for 49 cents; smaller quantities, per lb..... 3 cents  
20-lb boxes Whole California Peaches for 49 cents; smaller quantities, per lb..... 4 cents  
Candied Orange or Lemon Peel, per lb..... 5 cents  
California Loose Muscatel Raisins, per lb..... 2 cents  
California Dried Peaches, halves, per lb..... 3 cents  
California Evaporated Apricots, per lb..... 6 cents  
Evaporated Apples, per lb..... 4 cents  
Good Gunpowder Tea, per lb..... 13 cents  
Uncolored Japan Tea, per lb..... 19 cents  
After-Dinner Java Coffee, per lb..... 25 cents  
J. Ambrosia Fancy Basket Fired Japan Tea, per lb..... 35 cents  
2-lb cans Good Sugar Corn, per can..... 5 cents  
3-lb cans California Table Peaches, per can..... 10 cents  
3-lb cans "Extra" California Apricots, per can..... 15 cents  
Key West Havana Cigars, 25 in box, for..... 30 cents  
Imported Leaf Guaranteed Key West Cigars, 5-in. perfecto shape, 50 in box, for..... \$1.95  
Good quality Stove Polish, per cake..... 1 cent  
Ground or Roasted Coffee, per lb..... 10 cents

Fancy Table Sirup..... 1 gallon cans for..... 29 cents  
2 gallons in wood pail for..... 49 cents  
5 gallons in keg for..... 99 cents  
2-lb Package Wheat Flake or Rolled Oats for..... 5 cents  
New Cornmeal, Pearl Barley, Rolled Oats or Green Peas, lb. 14 cents

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,  
68 & 70 Wabash Avenue.21st ANNUAL MILITARY  
BALL AND RECEPTION

Held Under Auspices of the First and Second Battalions

CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS,

To Be Held On

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AT

BATTERY "D" ARMORY,

Michigan Av., Foot of Monroe St.

The 7th Regiment, I. N. G., and Hibernian Knights are Invited to Participate on this occasion. A Splendid Programme has been arranged by the Committee in charge.

TICKETS - - - 50 CENTS

Admitting Lady and Gent.

Music by Prof. Forrest's 7th Regiment Band.

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## DIDN'T FIRE A SHOT.

WHY THOUSANDS OF INDIANS MELTED AWAY BEFORE FORTY MEN.

Captain McCabe Knew the Sioux Better Than They Knew Themselves, and They Knew the Captain and His Men Were Dead Shots and Also Scalp Takers.

In the pioneer days, to reach Montana from Cheyenne, in Wyoming, required a roundabout journey that involved a double crossing of the Rocky mountains, with a change of base at Salt Lake City. The United States government brought about a better condition of travel by constructing a trail through the Gallatin valley along the course of the Gunpowder river, reaching around the base of the mountains in a curvilinear form, which avoided the heights of the Rockies. To protect this route from marauding Indians three forts were built—Reno, Phil Kearny and C. F. Smith. These were garrisoned by United States troops.

In 1866 the murderous Sioux from the Yellowstone valley pursued a sanguinary course up through the Gallatin valley and into Montana. It was marked by rapine and plunder. They besieged Fort Reno and killed many of its garrison, including a brother of A. K. McClure. They envied Fort Phil Kearny, and wiped from the face of the earth every human being whose walls it failed to protect. Then they surrounded Fort C. F. Smith, where 200 Union soldiers found themselves surrounded by more than 1,000 death seeking Indians. Escape seemed impossible. A courier got word of this condition of affairs to General Hancock, who was then stationed at St. Paul, and he sent a messenger to the governor of Montana at Bozeman, calling upon him to relieve the besieged garrison. The chief executive of the territory of Montana at that time was Green Clay Smith, who, by the way, recently died in Washington, a Baptist clergyman. He had been a member of congress from Kentucky, but President Lincoln made him territorial governor of Montana. He was seated on the porch of his residence in Bozeman when Hancock's message was handed to him. To a visitor from the east, who was seated by his side, and who is authority for this narrative, he said:

"What in the name of heaven can I do? Fort C. F. Smith is 250 miles away. The country between here and there is filled with Sioux Indians. Our militia force consists of exactly 427 men. Not a man of them could reach Fort C. F. Smith alive. I am absolutely powerless. However, I will send for Colonel Howie."

At that time Colonel Neil Howie was United States marshal for the territory of Montana. He was a typical frontiersman.

It was to this man that Governor Smith addressed himself, handing him General Hancock's dispatch and saying: "Colonel, we can't do anything for these poor devils in Fort C. F. Smith. We haven't enough men, and those we have couldn't get there. Am I not right?"

"No," said Colonel Howie quietly, "without any exhibition of excitement and with the gentle voice of a woman. There is no trouble about that, governor. We can arrange that matter and still leave the Montana frontier protected. I will need some picked men and a good leader for them. I think Captain McCabe is best fitted for this undertaking. I will go out and find him."

McCabe was another gentle voiced man with blue eyes. He didn't make much noise. He acted. He said to the governor: "Oh, yes; it is easy enough. But I'll need 40 of the best men I can select. You can keep the rest of your volunteer force here."

Governor Smith looked at him in amazement. So did the visitor from the fort. They both thought he was either insane or a braggart. Governor Smith said to him: "How in the name of heaven do you expect to raise the siege of Fort C. F. Smith with 40 men when you know that it is surrounded by more than 1,000 bloodthirsty Indians, and that the country between here and there is covered with thousands more of murderous Sioux?"

Said McCabe quietly: "Why, governor, it is easy enough. The Indians know us, and know that we know them better than they know themselves. You folks from the east have an idea that what you call Indian atrocities are simply unmeaning exhibitions of brutality; that scalping, for instance, is simply a form of torture. In that you are mistaken. The Indian believes that no man can go to the happy hunting ground—heaven we call it—who has been deprived of his hair. Their motive in scalping a victim is to carry out fiendish hatred to its utmost by preventing him from having a happy hereafter. Therefore to deprive an Indian of his scalp is to rob him of his hope of a happy hereafter. My men never kill an Indian without scalping him, and the Indians know that. The 40 men I will select for this expedition are unerring in their aim with the rifle. They can shoot 16 shots in 16 seconds, and every ball means a dead Indian, and every dead Indian means a scalp, and every scalp means a warrior deprived eternally of a chance of ever reaching the happy hunting ground. My 40 men will walk from here to Fort C. F. Smith without firing a shot."

"Incredible," said Governor Smith.

"True," said Captain McCabe.

What was the result?

Forty men walked the 250 miles from Bozeman to Fort C. F. Smith. Indians watched them on every side. By day their progress was signalled by circling columns of smoke and by night by fire from mountain tops. But not a shot was fired. When they got within sight of Fort C. F. Smith, the 1,000 whooping Sioux who held the garrison in siege fled, and the 40 frontiersmen from Bozeman marched in and escorted the 200 Union soldiers back to the territorial capital without the loss of a life. Not a shot had been fired. Not a scalp had been taken. Philadelphia Times.

## HANDSOME PREMIUMS!

To Subscribers and Organizers of Clubs, Offered by

## "THE CITIZEN."

THE CITIZEN offers the following premiums to subscribers and organizers of clubs:

To any subscriber, who pays all arrears, and one year in advance and brings in two new paid up subscriptions, either of the following instructive, entertaining and valuable books:

1. "Picturesque Ireland," containing three volumes in one, and including the history, scenery, people, myths and folk-lore; the ancient abbeys, towers, castles and other monastic and attractive features by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work contains over 500 beautiful engravings, by noted artists, printed on paper made expressly for the book, bound in cloth, with black, gold and silver sides and black.

2. "Glimpses of the World," 268 full page views of places, sights and scenes all over the planet, from pictures by the celebrated traveler and lecturer, John L. Stoddard, one of the most beautiful and instructive volumes ever published, 550 pages, silk cloth binding.

3. "Pictorial Wonderland of Painting and Sculpture," from the best galleries of the world, embracing over 200 superb half-tone reproductions of the most famous medieval and modern masterpieces of art; cloth binding.

4. "Webster's Dictionary," bound in sheep, or half Russia, original edition revised and enlarged. This Dictionary contains every word that Noah Webster ever defined, and 10,000 additional words, 1,708 pages and 1,500 illustrations.

5. "Scenic America, or the Beauties of the Western Hemisphere," 256 pages, half-tone pictures, with descriptions by John L. Stoddard. Bound in cloth.

6. "The Farmer's Encyclopedia," by Prof. D. Wagner, the celebrated horse-tamer and trainer; a book that should be in every farmer's

house, containing all about the horse, cattle, sheep, swine, dairying, bee keeping, poultry, the farm, stock diseases, home medicine, the secret of food cooking, etc., etc.; 640 pages, 600 illustrations, cloth binding.

To any Subscriber, who pays all arrears and subscription in advance, and brings in one additional paid up subscriber:

1. "The White House Cook Book," the best cook book ever printed, and most valuable in every household. Bound in cloth.

2. "Dainty Work for Pleasure and Profit," being practical lessons on all kinds of art work, needlework, designing, painting, china decorating, etc., made easy. Bound in cloth.

These two latter valuable household books are especially designed for the ladies.

3. "Barnum's Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles of the World," an exceedingly interesting publication, particularly adapted for students and the young; 514 pages, copiously illustrated, cloth binding.

4. "Conquering the Wilderness, or Heroes and Heroines of Pioneer Life and Adventure," by Col. Frank Triplett; 742 pages, illustrated; cloth binding.

5. "Tennyson's Poems," a complete and beautiful edition. Cloth bound.

To any Subscriber who pays all arrears and one year in advance, and who brings in one new paid up subscriber "The Victory Watch," adapted especially for workingmen and persons with small incomes; a perfect time piece. To subscribers not in arrears who pay in advance, and bring in two new subscribers, this offer is also open.

All these offers are open for a reasonable time and advantage should be taken of them at once.

TERMS—The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows: Individual subscriptions, \$2.00 per annum in advance. For clubs, \$5.00 per annum in advance. Remittances can be sent by Check, Post-Office Order, Express Order, or Registered Mail. Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested. Call at THE CITIZEN office and see the splendid premiums we are offering.

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,  
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

## ADVERTISING.

It is One of the Most Ancient of All the Civilized Arts.

It is generally believed, by the simple and unlearned, that the art of advertising is of comparatively modern invention, but a very slight study of the subject will be sufficient to convince the inquirer that it is, in point of fact, one of the most ancient of all the civilized arts. Indeed, the first advertisement was probably coeval with the first man who had something to dispose of or with the first woman who wanted something she had not got. It seems not impossible that the serpent tempted Eve to partake of the apple by means of a "puff paragraph," setting forth the merits of the fruit as a complexion beautifier. Be that as it may, the uses of advertisement were known at a very early date to the Israelites, who were accustomed to placard the streets of their cities with the utterances of kings and prophets.

The ancient Greeks, too, were much given to advertisement, chiefly through the medium of the town crier, who, however, was not permitted to offend the ears of the citizens with his proclamations unless he were accompanied by a musician to give him the correct pitch. The fact that property had been stolen or damaged was made known by means of curses, inscribed upon sheets of lead, which were affixed to the statues of infernal deities in the temple, the vengeance of the gods being thus invoked upon the persons who had stolen or injured the advertiser's goods. A rider was usually added, to the effect that should the property be returned, or recompense be paid, the owner would intercede with the gods for a remission of the punishment.

The Romans also made use of the town crier to proclaim laws, victories, or sales, and the walls of the streets were covered with notices painted in black or red, or inscribed upon terra cotta slabs, and let into the pillars on either side of houses and shops. Many of these wall advertisements were found in Herculaneum and Pompeii, among the most interesting being the announcements of the gladiatorial games, containing promises that shelter would be provided in case of rain and that the sand would be watered should the weather be exceptionally warm.—Cornhill Magazine.

## WANTED TOO MUCH.

The Latter Part of a Complex Scheme Fails to Work Successfully.

Said a wholesale whisky merchant: "We have the reputation of giving more for charity than any other class of men. While we get credit for some things we do, yet there are many calls made upon us that are never recorded. I remember a case not long ago. A former prosperous citizen came into our establishment. He took out his handkerchief and wiped the tears that came into his eyes. In a broken hearted manner he said that his wife was dying, and that the doctor had prescribed whisky, but that he did not have any money. When he told such a tale of woe, I said:

"My friend, if your wife is really sick, I will give you the whisky."

"He swore he was telling the truth, and I put the whisky in a bottle on which was our brand. He left, the happiest looking man in the world. I was feeling good also and was flattering myself into thinking I might be another good Samaritan, when presently my friend reappeared. This time his tears were rolling down and his frame was shaking with convulsive sobs. I went over to him and asked, 'Is your wife dead?'"

"Oh, no!" he replied, "but I am afraid she will die, as just as I was at my front gate I slipped on the steps and dropped the bottle, which broke into a thousand pieces. I picked up the pieces and have brought them back for you to see, and to beg that you will give me another bottle."

"I was touched and turned to get him another bottle, when to my surprise I got a glance at a piece of the glass. I said, 'Excuse me, my friend, but the bottle I gave you was white glass and that one is green.' I then examined the pieces and found that it was not the bottle nor our brand. The liquid on the glass was water. As I looked at my friend he picked up the pieces, turned red, mumbled an excuse and sneaked off."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Rather Cruel.

I know of a young man who has his walls covered with the portraits of pretty girls and women—some 600 of them. A few are acquaintances, but the majority of the photographs are of actresses and singers.

His fiancée said to a friend of mine the other day:

"Do you know, I feel quite jealous and heavy hearted when I go into that room of George's. I wonder what he can see in me, after looking at all these lovely girls for hours at a time?"

"Oh," said my friend, "some men don't care for beauty in their wives."

And then, as the awful silence arrived on time, she felt like sinking through the floor, though her utterance had been an honest one.

The maiden went away rather hastily after that, and hasn't returned.—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

## Satisfactorily Defined.

Willie—Pa, what is the meaning of the expression "touch and go?"

Papa—It's very simple, my son. It means extreme speed, and refers to the professional borrowers, who make a touch and go so fast you seldom see them again.—Philadelphia Record.

"Do you say that as a lawyer or a man?" exclaimed an exasperated witness whom a lawyer was cross examining. "If you say it as a man, it is a lie and a slander, but if you say it as a lawyer it's not of the slightest consequence."

Reed pens split at the end like quill pens have been found in Egyptian tombs dating probably 2,500 years before Christ.

## BAREFOOT BABIES.

Show a spot, a sunny nook,  
Where barefoot babies come to play,  
Where nature's best unfolded book  
Reveals its teachings all the day.

There where the tiger lily lifts  
Its haughty face to greet the smile  
Of sky blue heaven's snowy drifts  
Come naught of worldly care nor guile.

There, close beside a rippling stream  
The barefoot babies laugh and prance  
And toss their yellow locks that gleam  
Like tasseled corn in breeze's dance.

Dear barefoot babies, reap the sweet  
Of youth and life and dance your feet  
'Till come dreamlike from years' rest  
—H. S. Keller in Detroit Free Press.

## THEY WERE BEARS.

How a Hunter Bagged a Ton of Them in Thirty Seconds.

"I believe I got a big bag of bears in as short a time as any man ever did," said Doc Stedley, the ex-sheriff and bear hunter of Mendocino.

"A bag of bears?" exclaimed the young man who had just been telling about a bag of snipe he had once killed. "What were they—little fellows? What is it you call them—kittens? No, cubs; that's it."

"No, sir. They were not kittens or cubs. They were bears," declared Doc. "I think I piled up about a ton of bear meat in about 30 seconds. I was out hunting in the southern part of Trinity county about 17 or 18 years ago. We had killed about 40 deer and 8 panthers, and a bear or two in a couple of weeks, and were pretty near ready to break camp when I thought I would go out and kill another deer to take home fresh. It was late in the afternoon, and I was creeping along in the brush, when suddenly I came out into a little opening. I stopped to see if there was any sign of deer, and while I stood looking about a big black bear climbed up on the trunk of a big fir tree that had been uprooted. He was 30 yards away, and I plugged him in the ear. He rolled off the log and down the hill toward me, but before I had time to see if he was dead another bear climbed up on that same log to see what the row was about. I shot it in the head, and it rolled down the same way the other had gone. Up climbed a big 2-year-old to take its place, and after I had shot it two big yearlings, one after the other, climbed up on the log to be shot.

"Every one rolled down the hill toward me and was kicking and thrashing around not ten steps away. By that time I came to the conclusion that I was in a bear country, and I didn't lose any time climbing a sapling. When I got well braced up among the limbs, I sat and pumped lead into that pile of bears. Every time one kicked I gave him a bullet, till they all stopped kicking. I had five bears in one pile, and I think they must have weighed over a ton altogether."—San Francisco Post.

## Learning a Foreign Language.

Some interesting statistics might be collected on the effect upon linguistic power and accent of the possession of a musical ear. It would seem that a person with a good ear for music would be more rapid in the acquirement of a foreign tongue, and having acquired it would possess a more perfect pronunciation of the sounds than would a person not having the same ready musical gift.

Similarly such a person would be quick to attain the dialect of the country in which he might be living and to adapt his speech to the brogue or provincialism with which he found his ears surrounded.

The greater rapidity with which Germans, Poles and Russians learn the English language is surely not to be accounted for merely by stating that their own more nearly resembles our language than does that of the French or Italian. A Greek, for instance, learns English in about half the time it takes an Italian to acquire French, and a Russian will speak French, English and German in the same period that a Frenchman will acquire a mere smattering of the two latter.—Pearson's Weekly.

## The Southern Aurora.

On Feb. 1, in latitude 66 degrees, longitude 172 degrees 31 minutes, we ran into open water again, having this time spent only six days in the ice pack. On the 17th the aurora appeared, stronger than I ever saw it in the north. It rose from the southwest, stretching in a broad stream up toward the zenith and down again toward the eastern horizon. The phenomenon this time had quite a different appearance from what we saw on Oct. 30. It now presented long shining curtains rising and falling in wonderful shapes and shades, sometimes seemingly close down to our mastheads. It evidently exerted considerable influence upon the magnetic needle of our compass.—C. E. Borghrevink in Century.

## One Drawback.

There's no such thing in this life as complete satisfaction. If a man has no money, he is miserable, and if he has lots of it, it is next to impossible to invest it remuneratively. There is no business which is sure to pay, not even the business of stealing, but that's because there are so many persons in it, and there would be many more in it if the penitentiary did not prevent it from being open to everybody, and so be utterly ruined.—Boston Transcript.

A countenance habitually under the influence of amiable feelings acquires a beauty of the highest order from the frequency with which such feelings stamp their character upon it.—Mrs. S. C. Hale.

An indelible ink very commonly used in the middle ages was made with a basis of the tetrachloride of gold applied to a cloth dampened with a solution of chloride of tin.

The war with the bey of Tripoli began June 10, 1801, and ended June 4, 1806. The number of men engaged in the naval force against Tripoli was 1,830.

## PRESERVE THE HAIR.

Some Useful Suggestions to Those Who Value What Is Invaluable.

Avoid tight fitting hats and collars, also close fitting caps, unless these be of some porous material. The two former prevent a due supply of blood to the parts; hence the hair papillae are put, as it were, on short commons all the time the hats and collars are worn. The caps engender caloric, which sets up irritation and ultimately that most stubborn form of dandruff—namely, pityriasis (i. e., branny scales). Note that all the headgear which is not porous should be ventilated at top and sides to allow a free current of air.

Never sit or stand with the top of the head near a gas light or lamp light. The heat thrown out is apt to paralyze the scalp tissues and dries up the hair itself. Don't wash the head often, but once a fortnight, when first rub in the yolk of an egg and thoroughly rinse out with warm water, into which has been thrown a pinch of borax. Dry carefully and apply a little pure olive oil.

Beware of the common practice of dipping the comb in water when arranging the hair. It promotes decomposition and rancidity of the natural oil, and so leads to "rotting."

If the hair be naturally dry, apply a little olive oil occasionally. If naturally oily, occasionally wash away the excess of sebaceous secretion by means of a lather or tepid water and soap bark (Quintleya saponaria).

Salt water is most injurious to the hair, for which reason when sea bathing wear an oil cap.

Always treat the scalp as if you loved it. Take to heart Dr. Godfrey's dictum that "every touch affecting so delicate a texture as the scalp should be soft and soothing, every application bland and mild." Don't use stiff bristles or wire brushes, and in all cases brush gently. Also, always brush out the hair before attempting to comb it, and use the comb as little as possible.

Have the ends of the hair clipped once a month, if only to prevent them from splitting. But don't close crop.—Philadelphia Times.

## SHE OUTTALKED DUMAS.

How a Clever Irish Girl Got Ahead of the Academician.

Dumas filed had curt manners. He was shy. Like most shy people, he vanquished this defect by going into the other extreme. He softened as he grew old and took a relative polish at the meetings of the academy. The tongue was always shrewd; it could be cruel. The code of social amenities was at the time I speak of a sealed book to him. I recollect a tilt between him and an Irish girl, brought up in Paris, who sat opposite to him at dinner. She was singularly plain. But her ugliness was most amusing, and she was a witty, good tempered being. The nose was short, funny, retreating, the mouth wide and laughing and the tongue hissing, but, as the French say, bien pendue for repartee.

Dumas, after staring some time at her, put his forefinger to the tip of his semicircular nose and pushed it up. He kept it so for some time, still staring. The pantomime was grossly impertinent. I thought—and so did every one else—that the poor girl would burst into tears. She laughed, not a bit hysterically, and feeling she was an object of general attention and of sympathy, made a funny remark on the grimace that M. Dumas was pleased to give himself. He began to rally her. She flung back retorts. I never heard such a mimic war of words before or since. It ended in a splendid victory, through good humor and wit, on the young lady's side. She spoke French to perfection. "M. Alphonse" was then on the stage. Mr. Ernest Pinard, who listened with rapture, cried, "Mademoiselle enfoncez votre Alphonse!" Alphonse was the comic actress in that play.

Dumas retired from the combat nettled, but he did not long bear malice. He afterward said what a pity it was that la jeune Irlandaise etait dans le monde. She had the vicomtesse in a greater degree than any actress or actor he had ever seen, and proved that where l'ame est bien faite there cannot be ugliness.—Paris Letter in London Truth.

## Schiaparelli.

Schiaparelli, the astronomer who first discovered the so called "canals" of Mars, did so with a much smaller telescope than those in use in many other observatories at that time. And yet he is a very nearsighted man. Garrett P. Serviss of Brooklyn, in speaking of his first interview with the eminent Italian, said that Schiaparelli would hold a visitor's card within five or six inches of his eyes in order to decipher it. The singular part of this story is not that a man with such an infirmity should be able to outdo other astronomers, for keenness of vision depends rather upon the retina than the convexity of the lenses of the eye, and the eyepiece of a telescope can be focussed so as to suit the latter. But it does seem a little odd that the gifted scientist in question should habitually refrain from wearing eyeglasses. Possibly he has a theory as to the effect of their use upon his visual powers.

## The Way to Eat Candy.

I think much of the outcry against candy is the result of wrong methods of use. It can often be safely taken at meal time with good results. Scientists say that the food value of sugar is very great. A pound of sugar contains much more energy and power to support animal life than a pound of meat. If candy is taken under such conditions it will not derange the digestive apparatus, it is perfectly wise and rational to be a candy eater.—Annals of Hygiene.

## Sold.

"Is D'Auber a good painter?"  
"Yes; good as gold."  
"Do his paintings sell?"  
"Yes—those who buy them!"—Detroit Free Press.

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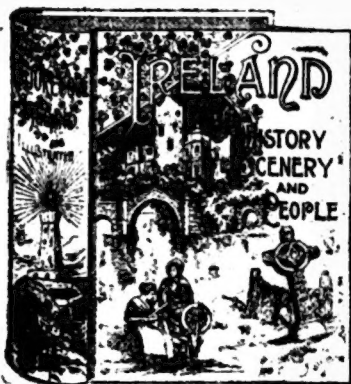
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LAND BLOCK.

Assignee's Notice.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF  
Cook--ss. Estate of John Wesley,  
of the City of Evanston, Deutor. The  
undersigned hereby gives notice that  
the said John Wesley, County and State  
aforesaid, did on the 19th day of Decem-  
ber, A. D. 1893, transfer to the under-  
signed, as Assignee, all his property,  
real and personal, for the benefit of his  
creditors according to the provisions of  
the act concerning assignments.

All persons having claims against the  
said John Wesley are hereby notified to  
present such claims under oath or af-  
firmation to me at Room 1004 Ashland  
Block, Chicago, in said county, within  
three months from this date.

Dated January 2nd, A. D. 1896.

JOSEPH MC CALLUM,

Assignee.

P. B. Flanagan, 1004 Ashland Block,

Attorney for Assignee.

DAVID SULLIVAN, MASTER IN CHANCERY

OF THE SUPERIOR COURT.

MASTER'S SALE-STATE OF ILLINOIS

County of Cook--ss. Superior Court of

Cook County. In Chancery. Kittle Sullivan

vs. John Arquette, Harborth Arquette, Annie

Kirby, Nicholas H. Kirby, Thomas D. Harri-

gan, Trustee, William H. McKee, Gen. No.

108,590, Term No. 2, 1896.

Public Notice is hereby given that in pursu-

ance of a Decree made and entered by said

Court, in the above entitled cause, on the

Fourth day of January A. D. 1896, I, David Sul-

livan, Master in Chancery of the Superior Court

of Cook County, will, on Tuesday, the Fourth

day of February A. D. 1896, at the hour of One

o'clock in the afternoon, at the judicial sale-

rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, No. 32

Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, County

of Cook, and State of Illinois, sell at public

venue to the highest and best bidder for cash

all and singular, the following described prem-

ises and real estate in said Decree mentioned,

situate in the County of Cook, and State of Illi-

nois, or so much thereof as shall be sufficient to

satisfy said Decree, to-wit: Lot Ten (10), with

improvements thereon, situate in James M. Allen's

Subdivision of Lots Nine (9) and Ten (10) in

Gray's Subdivision of Eight (8) Acres near East

of the West Twenty-five (25) Acres in the North

east quarter (N. E. 1/4) of Section Thirty-one (31)

Township Forty (40) North, Range Thirteen (13)

East of the Third Principal Meridian

Haled Chicago, Illinois, January 9, A. D. 1896.

DAVID SULLIVAN,

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